

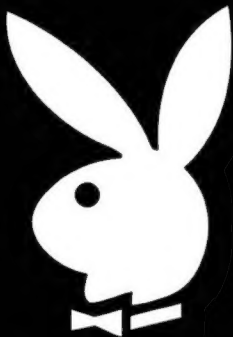
# PLAYBOY

COLLEGE ISSUE

OCTOBER 50 cents

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN





**PLAYBOY**



## PLAYBILL

NOW, WE ASKED OURSELVES AS WE WERE preparing this third College Issue, did *PLAYBOY* become the most popular periodical on the college campuses of America? Except for one issue each year, *PLAYBOY* virtually ignores college life in its articles, fiction, photo features and cartoons—why, then, does it sell more copies at campus newsstands than the 100-million circulation magazines? The answer isn't really too difficult to discover, because the average college male is less interested in the cloistered here-and-now than the world that lies ahead. He dreams of the future bachelor apartment, the hi-fi set, the well-stocked liquor cabinet, the sports car—and the bedroom-eyed beauties who will help him enjoy it all. There are the dreams, of course, that *PLAYBOY* is made of: this is the world the college man reads about in *PLAYBOY*'s pages—reads and re-reads, passes on, promotes and parodies. As the most popular magazine on campus, *PLAYBOY* is also the most killed: college editors at the University of Texas, Penn State, Indiana University, Syracuse College, Oregon State and the University of Arizona all turned issues of their humor magazines into *PLAYBOY* parodies this past year. Nothing better expresses the impact *PLAYBOY* has had on the collective college campus than a recent issue of *Northwestern's Profile*, however: it featured a coverfull of students clutching

their copies of the *Northwestern* feature magazine to crowd around one fellow holding a copy of you-know-what. Other schools across the country have been giving *PLAYBOY* parties, dances and variety shows, and one of them—Dartmouth—enjoyed a visit from Playmate Janet Fingers. Subscription supervisor Janet's weekend on that all-male campus is covered in this College Issue. And Janet, somewhat uncovered, puts in a new Playmate appearance.

A host of other *PLAYBOY* favorites are on hand this month, too: Arson Mount, who appeared in last year's College Issue with *The Taming of the Rake* and now heads our College Bureau, contributes the amusing tale, *A Pound of Flesh*; Herbert Gold, who teaches at Wayne University, has written a powerful story, *The Right Kind of Pride*, with implications beyond the microcosm of its fraternity setting. This is strong stuff, worthy of this young three-time novelist of whom Saul Bellow has said: "I put him at the head of my small list of writers who have their own eyes and are capable of making fiction which gives pleasure."

Jack Cole, inspired zany, has whopped up a cartoon spread about blankets and all the fascinating things that go on under them at college football games.

Ray Russell, no less inspired and certainly no less zany, has never associated with colleges in any manner, shape or

form and certainly has no intention of starting now. His subject for satire is, therefore, science-fiction films, in *Put Them All Together They Spell Monster*.

Masuccio, called Salernitano because he was born in the city of Salerno, was a gentleman of rank as well as a popular teller of tales. His collection, *Il Novellino*, published in 1470, has been rated by one commentator as "second only to Boccaccio for wit, originality and dramatic power." The flavor of Boccaccio is certainly evident in Masuccio's story, *The Hoodwinked Husband*, this month's Ribald Classic.

Add the second half of the sumptuous Penthouse Apartment, more Hemingway lore by Jed Riley, a pictorial (or do we mean pictorial?) feature on bare-bosomed American cinema, assorted features on nude fashion, travel, food and drink to the piquant package and you've about completed this College Issue—save only for the most important feature of all—the first annual *PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL*. The winners of the poll will be brought together in a truly spectacular jazz exhibition and you'll want to make certain your favorite jazz artists are there, so fill in your ballot just as soon as you've completed the issue. Better still, pick your favorites for the 1957 *PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND* here and then read the issue.

# They DREW their way from "Rags to Riches"

Now these famous artists are helping others do the same

By REX TAYLOR

**A**LBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. Before he was 13, he had to quit school to support his family. Although he worked 12 hours a day—he managed to study art at home in "spare time." Soon people were willing to pay good money for his drawings. At 22 he was earning \$800 a week as a commercial artist. He rose higher and higher to become probably the most fabulous money-maker in the history of advertising art.

Dorne's "rags to riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school at 15. Steven Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan at 5. Robert Fawcett, the "Illustrators' Illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs, who once couldn't afford a cold-water flat, now lives in a magnificent home over 100 feet long.

**A plan to help others:** Nearly ten years ago, these men gathered in Dorne's luxurious New York studio for a fateful meeting. With them were six other equally famous artists—Al Parker, Jon Whitecomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Heck, John Atherton. Almost all had similar "rags to riches" backgrounds.

Dorne outlined to them a problem and a plan. He pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. And thousands of men and women wanted very much to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful experience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent... no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve famous artists quickly buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. Looking for a way to explain drawing techniques to students who would be thousands of miles away, they turned to the war-born methods of modern visual training. What better way could you teach the art of making pictures, they reasoned, than through pictures? They made over



**ALBERT DORNE**—From the window of his chequerboard studio, this top, money-making artist can see the slums where he once lived.

5,000 drawings specially for the school's magnificent home study lessons. And after they had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color. Jon Whitecomb showed how to draw the "glamour girls" for which he is world-famous. Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

Finally, the men spent three years working out a revolutionary, new way to correct a student's work. For each drawing the student sent in, he would receive in return a long personal letter of criticism and advice. Along with the letter, on a transparent "overlay," the instructor would actually draw, in detail, his corrections of the student's work. Thus there could be no misunderstanding. And the student would have a permanent record to refer to as often as he liked.

**School is founded; students quickly succeed.** The Famous Artists Schools (whose classrooms are the students' own homes and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled in art education) now has 5,000 active students in 32 countries. The famous artists who started the school as a labor of love still own it, run it, and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

Don Smith is a good example. When he became a student three years ago, Don knew nothing about art, even

doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in New Orleans.

John Buskett is another. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company until he enrolled in the school. He still works for the same company—but now he is an artist in the advertising department, at a big increase in pay.

John Whitaker of Memphis was an airline clerk when he enrolled. Two years later he won a national cartooning prize. Soon after, he signed a contract to do a daily comic strip for a group of newspapers.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing before enrolling in the school. Now a swank New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

"Where are the famous artists of tomorrow?" Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous," he says. "We continually get calls and letters from art buyers all over the U.S. They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs."

"I'm firmly convinced," Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think that they have talent. Many of them do have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art... if we can only find them."

**Unique art talent test:** To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing: 8-page Talent Test. Originally they charged \$1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

Would you like to know if you have valuable hidden art talent? Simply mail coupon below. The Famous Artists Talent Test will be sent to you without cost or obligation. And it might lead you to become one of the "famous artists of tomorrow."

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APRIL 1966

## DEAR PLAYBOY

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### NEWPORT JAZZ

I thoroughly enjoyed George Wein's article, *The Newport Jazz Festival*, in the July issue of your fine magazine and was particularly interested in the references to Miss Toshiko Akhoshi. I became acquainted with Miss Akhoshi in Japan while serving as entertainment manager for one of the service clubs there. She is, in the opinion of myself and many other avid jazz fans, the most creative musician to emerge from post-war Japan.

During my tenure as entertainment manager, our club staged some 200 shows. Only once, however, did an entertainer subdue an audience of noisy, homesick Airmen and turn them, before our very eyes, into a silent, listening body. Toshiko did this seemingly impossible task simply by playing the most beautiful version of *Moonlight in Vermont* any of us had ever heard.

It is difficult for a woman to make good in the jazz world of today. For a Japanese woman, it is next to impossible. I think Toshiko's story would provide one of the most inspiring articles ever written about jazz and its people.

Don Sumner  
Marietta, Georgia

My wife and I enjoyed Mr. Wein's article on *The Newport Jazz Festival* very much. The layout of pictures were some of the best I have seen. Many thanks for PLAYBOY's interest in the Festival.

L. L. Larillard, President  
The American Jazz Festival  
Newport, Rhode Island

### CRITIC CRITICIZED

Open letters to the motion picture critic of America's finest men's magazine:

- 1.) I thought Hitchcock's *The Man Who Knew Too Much* was a superb motion picture, worthy of all kinds of awards.
- 2.) *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* is a fabulous example of how fine acting can make a picture excellent.
- 3.) The change of pace in *Julia* was a good change. This particular reader feels that the aforementioned film was the best of its type since *Shane*.
- 4.) As of this writing, you have not

reviewed 1964, *D-Day, The Sixth of June* and the spectacular *Oklahoma*. Please dislike these pictures so that I can lose even more respect for you.

5.) Tell me, have you ever liked any motion pictures?

David A. Jacobs  
Baltimore, Maryland

### HENRY MILLER

In your July issue you reviewed *My Friend Henry Miller* by Alfred Perles. In this review, you mentioned a book by Miller, *Tropic of Cancer*; your reviewer said that he had bought a copy in Paris several years ago. My curiosity has been aroused by the description given of this book and I would very much like to read it. I have inquired at several of the book stores in town, but none of them carry the book. The manager of one of the stores did tell me that if I could find out the name of the publisher, he would order the book for me. Can you supply that information?

I have been a regular reader of your fascinating magazine since a date tied out the questions in *Will She or Won't She* on me; and I enjoy PLAYBOY thoroughly even though I am a girl.

Sally Bickford  
Ft. Worth, Texas

Henry Miller's twin towns (tours through celestial erotica (*Tropic of Cancer* and *Tropic of Capricorn*) have never been legally published in the U.S. or permitted through customs, though a great many paper-bound copies were smuggled into the country from France by returning G.I.s after World War II. These aren't books you can write away for, Sally. You'll just have to find a friendly ex-G.I. who has a copy stashed away among his wartime souvenirs. Or plan a vacation trip to Paris.

### TURNPIKE MOTORCYCLES

Reader H. J. Holmes is mistaken (July, *Dear Playboy*) when he suggests that the midwest S.C.C. official didn't know what he was talking about when he told a story involving a motorcycle on the New Jersey Turnpike. When the Pike first opened, the State Police did have a few Harley-Davidson motorcycles. But they proved too dangerous and were soon taken out of service and sent

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# An ad about Marilyn Monroe without pictures?

You'll call us mad, but we want to call your attention to the rest of a new book, the first candid, sympathetic, detailed and un-biased analysis of what makes America's All-Girl Girl tick. Don't expect any Hello-from-Hollywood stuff. This is Marilyn as she really is. (Do you know what the suggested to Jane Russell when they were asked to leave their imprints in the wet cement at Grauman's Chinese theatre? Ever heard of "fish impact"? Why is Marilyn right about the proper role for her in *The Brothers Karamazov*?)

Gathered in long talks with people like director Billy Wilder, with agents, and with people who have just plain observed her (how could that be plain?), the book studiously avoids hurrying lady columnist's. It's a book for men, and for men to give to others. Peter Martin's story is terrific — and we haven't been crazy enough to publish the book without pictures. There is a stunning jacket in full color, and inside, 43 knockout photographs which speak more loudly than you-know-what.

## WILL ACTING SPOIL MARILYN MONROE?

by Pete Martin

With 43 photographs

\$2.95. Order a copy for yourself, your friends and your friends' friends today from your nearest bookstore, or from  
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future house

1970 California St., Dept. PB, Garden City, N.Y.

to the Turnpike's Central Garage in Hightstown. After being held for about two years, they were sold. This information comes from a *Twooper* with whom I work. He thinks that the only car that has outrun the "thundering Charvets" they now use (stock with four barrel pot) is a Mercedes Benz.

Donald Howard  
Newark, New Jersey

### SCANDINAVIAN SMORREBROD

Having devoured July's omnibus of women, wit and whimsy, I am left with the distinct impression that *PLAYBOY* travel editor Patrick Chase must be unattractively fat. I had intended this day to drink my way through the moonlit indulgence in cuisine, but after scanning his six-times-a-day encounter with Danish *smorrebrod*, pulsating pains of hunger overtook me and sent me flying for the nearest dining room. What sort of expense account do you allow this man anyway?

Phillip E. Jaska  
Kansas City, Missouri

Mr. Chase's expense account may be described as adequate; his waistline, trim.

### BURGLAD PLAYBOY

Last week someone entered our home and took our television set, television stand and approximately 15 issues of *PLAYBOY*—my entire collection. So this month's edition starts a new stack.

The television and stand are replaceable, but the past issues of *PLAYBOY* are not. A logical assumption is that the thief will undoubtedly read future issues of your magazine after seeing mine. If he sees this letter, our message is: Keep the television, keep the mahogany stand, but return the *PLAYBOYS* and all will be forgiven.

Don L. Green  
Fresno, California

OK, you heard the man—return his *PLAYBOYS*.

### MARLA'S MOLE

Being a longtime admirer of Marla English, I was most pleased to discover your pictorial feature on this lovely miss in your July issue. However, close scrutiny of the photographs in *The Girl in the Pork-Blossom Finis* reveals a disturbing discrepancy: three out of five pictures show a beauty mark on Marla's face just to the right of her mouth, while the other two show it to the left. Perhaps inconsistent darkness policy is to blame or perhaps Marla has a mobile mole, but I wish to heaven somebody would clear up the mystery for me.

Pete Walters  
Michigan State University  
East Lansing, Michigan

Marla's mole is a stationary one: two of the five photographs were flopped; she has a beauty mark on her right cheek.

### THE DEAL

The presentation of Alice Denham as both writer and Playmate, July *PLAYBOY*, was both unique and entertaining. After admiring the sensitive description in *The Deal*—reveling in the colorful imagery of its words—I am left with a

hanting feeling that a vital question remains unanswered, however.

This is in marked contrast to the emotions concerned with the Playmate pose. No question there at all—only an answer.

"That girl doesn't leave much on when she poses," observes son.

"And she doesn't leave much out when she writes," retorts I.

But she did leave something out which is vital. And either she or character Linda should give.

I was all set to discontinue my restlessome shots in favor of *PLAYBOY*, when son appropriated the Playmate by virtue of youth. There was nothing left for it then but to reread *The Deal*. So...

It is one thing, Alice Denham, to identify with Linda. The old goat had the cash and Linda was broke. And how Linda felt about it was how you felt about it. And your words were like the blending of color, which is fine.

When that libidinous old rake of 36 propositioned Linda, "Linda wondered if he could." That's where you left me, despite the painful details of Linda's acceptance and all that followed. (When *The Deal* was completed and sealed with a G, who was left wondering? Not Linda. Just me.)

So that's the part I think you left out. If you're gonna be a Playmate, Alice, let's play fair. He was 36 and "Linda wondered if he could." For heaven's sake, tell me. Could he? COULD he? COULD HE??

Ernest A. Laing  
Indianapolis, Indiana

P.S. I'm 55.

He could and did: "Years later he moved slightly and it was over."

It surprised me, very much indeed, to learn that Chekhov's tale, *The Woman in the Case*, published in your July issue is the first English translation. As far as 20 years ago I read it in Spanish and since then in French and Portuguese.

I would like to add, about your remark (Alice Denham's *The Deal*): "Ending forever the bit about Beauty vs. Brains," that the exception only confirms the rule. The work is a good and deep one, well written, but Linda's pre-fatal impulse of not wanting to take the money (even considering that women are unpredictable) is most unreal. I see it as... an excuse!... which proves to me, despite what you say about her frankness, that the real name of the girl in the story is not Linda, but Alice. My congratulations to her, as a writer, she must be quite a woman, too.

Although I have lived in this country for the last nine years, I have just "discovered" your magazine four months ago. I must say that I am sorry for all the good moments I have missed, since all of your stories, articles and humor are excellent.

X. Mòvas  
Philadelphia, Pa.

I am presently working towards a Doctor's degree in Education at the University of Southern California and thought you might be interested to learn that Alice Denham's story, *The Deal*,

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obligation to buy the Hampton record, or any other record from the Society. If you wish, simply return the audition record, tell us to cancel the Associate Membership reserved in your name, and keep the free recording of Count Basie.

If, however, you decide to give membership a trial, then after your purchase of the Hampton record you will receive, **FREE**, a wonderful 12" Bonus Record for every five additional 12" selections you accept from the Society. Since the price to members for each selection accepted is \$3.95, actually your cost per record, exclusive of a few weeks sale and shipping, comes to about \$2.40 per selection!

In addition, with each selection you will receive your copy of the Society's publication, "Enjoyment of Jazz", without charge. This exciting publication will give you month-by-month a complete course in the understanding and appreciation of Jazz music.

**Send For Your FREE Record At Once**

Of course, each monthly selection is announced to you in advance, and you simply return the form always provided if you do not care to buy a particular record. Remember, you take no risk in accepting the gift record, "Count Basie and the Band That Swings the Blues," and you may accept as many selections as or as few as you choose. Furthermore, you may cancel your trial membership at any time. So why not mail the coupon for your **FREE** record—today!



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I send for at once for free audition your new release of Lionel Hampton which I also purchase for only \$3.95 (plus a few weeks 10¢ tax and shipping). If I wish to exchange this trial membership and do purchase the Hampton record, I am entitled to receive, **FREE**, a 12" 36-PM record for every ten further records I purchase at the member's price of only \$1.95. I therefore now get 3 records for my price of \$-00 plus \$3.00 a record.

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received an entire period of discussion here under the heading of value choice in a transitory society.

Waldo B. Phillips  
Los Angeles, California

**MISS JULY**

This is probably the first congratulatory letter you've ever received for a feature in *advance of publication*, but on the last page of your June issue, you have a picture of Miss Alice Deonham and announce that next month you will publish a story by her and she will appear as Playmate of the Month.

Alice is a lovely, lovely person. Not only is she dazzlingly beautiful, but she is intellectually brilliant and a lady in every respect. Heartiest congratulations on bringing both her talent and her beauty to the American people.

John Begman  
Jackson Heights, N. Y.

During the past 20 odd months, since your magazine first came to my attention, I have dutifully plunked down my half-dollar for each new issue and repaired to some quiet spot to enjoy its many entertaining features and, most especially, to oggle the Playmate. I have yet to be disappointed with your choice in feminine pulchritude. Janet Pilgrim is a doll; Eve Meyer *à quelque chose*; and all the rest have been magnificent. But this month you have reached the highest magnitude. This Alice Deonham has got it. Never have I seen any gal, a-y-w-h-e-r, that has made my blood tingle, my pulse accelerate, my toes curl up, my pupils dilate, my hands tremble in eager anticipation like this gal does. She's the babe that they've patterned all the trick whatchacalls after.

James A. Freedy  
Detroit, Michigan

AN ODE TO A PICTURE OF ALICE (in final form):

Before me in chromatic splendor hangs — a picture;  
A parody I'm sure — a falsey prism's pallid bloom.  
She smiles a song no siren nymph could ever hope to sing.  
It's Alice: enthroned on bed in myrtle room.  
Her hair: Surely no queen's diadem renowned.  
Can best that wave on wave of auburn tresses thrown.  
I give my wish: The only ready answer true:  
They were to earth posthaste by angels down.

P.  
Richmond, Virginia

**STREET SCENES**

Thought you might enjoy this clipping which appeared in the *Atlanta Journal*, in a column titled *Street Scenes*: "Dignified little old lady getting on plane at airport clutching copy of *PLAYBOY Magazine*."

Proves that all your readers aren't young men-about-town. My wife and I are both avid fans of your magazine and if I don't bring home the latest issue when it first appears on the newsstand,

she somehow manages to maneuver me into the drugstore and then says, "Oh, look, here's the new issue of *PLAYBOY*." Keep up the good work.

Charles W. Johnson  
Macon, Georgia

**JAZZ QUERY**

I thoroughly enjoy your many features on jazz and I wonder whether you might be able to help me with some information on two particular recordings I'm interested in acquiring. They are *Milagros de cha cha cha* and *Manterica*. I know that Dizzy Gillespie is the recording artist on *Manterica*, but I don't know the recording company; I know neither the recording artist or company for the other disc and I don't know the numbers of either. I want very much to add both recordings to my collection, so will appreciate any information you may be able to supply.

Harold L. Hauser  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

*Dizzy Gillespie's Manterica* is available on Victor 420-0146, a single 78 r.p.m., recording; *Milagros de cha cha cha* is played by Fernando Riveria and his Quartet on an LP titled *Cba Cha Cha, Victor LPM 1081*.

PLAYBOY has instituted a Reader Service Department to answer questions on jazz, fashion, travel, food, drink and other subjects of interest to the urban male that may be raised by features in the magazine. Readers are invited to address such queries to *Playboy Reader Service*, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Illinois.

**SUBSCRIBE, ALREADY**

In true PLAYBOY tradition, you have seduced a virgin in making me write my first letter to any editor or publication for purposes of either congratulation or damnation. In breezing through your subscription message, so *What Are You Waiting For?*, on the inside back cover of your July issue, I must say you've got guts to ask Gentle Reader to deface his copy of *PLAYBOY* by cutting that lousy coupon out of the back cover! Get smart! NO *PLAYBOY* reader in his right mind would lop up an issue just for a subscription. Not when it's just a two mile walk to the newsstand. Which brings me to my point: leave your sales pitch where it is and move the coupon to the facing page. When you do that, we newspaper readers will subscribe. But cutting a chunk out of a cover makes as much sense as lopping a hunk from the Playmate of the Month.

W. K. Arzree  
Atlanta, Georgia

OK — in this issue the subscription blank appears on the facing page. What's more, you can subscribe at *PLAYBOY's* special Holiday Rates.

**PHONY LETTER DEPARTMENT**

As a college Resident Council, I am in a position to realize just what a rewarding factor *PLAYBOY* is in this process of education.

Part of my campus duties include seeing that the dormitories are kept in a manner conducive to good study habits.



## It doesn't take a tintype to date a man!

*If you saw your belt as others see it, you'd change it more often.*

You don't have to look like the gentleman in the picture to be outdated—a worn or old-fashioned belt can be just as disastrous to your appearance. And, unfortunately, you are the last to know, for actually, you can barely see your belt at all, when you have it on.

### *Make this simple style test*

Just tuck in your shirt and look down at your belt. You can hardly see more than just the edge—but others see the entire belt with its worn appearance and old-fashioned styling. Certainly, if you saw your belt as others see it, you'd change it more often, and you'd change to "Paris," the modern belt. Select yours, today.



**TALLOW LEATHER**—Supple belts of fine *Bridle Leather*, hand-rubbed with tallow,  $\frac{3}{4}$ " style, \$2; custom-fuck style, \$2.50; *F* style, \$2.50. *Wash, D.A. Pat. Co.*  
A product of A. Bello & Company, Chicago—New York—Los Angeles





convention four years ago were Charles (Black Country, The Crooked Man) Beaumont and Richard (The Splendid Source) Matheson. Would you say we, at that time, had a good PLAYBOY assemblage?

Roger Nelson  
Rockford, Illinois

## HOO HA

Let me first of all make myself quite apparent—PLAYBOY is nothing more than a safe assortment of vulgarisms that must appeal to only the adolescent audience. Having years of learned experience and thus having made extensive research studies, I know that the balance of a body can be affected by a certain group of abnormalities—various type ganglions called the rhombencephalals. These are terminals are usually located four to six millimeters above the position where the spinal cord is articulated with the vertebral column. They are adjacent to certain other things that reflect particular mental sexual emotions other than those concerned with the normal sexual process. Whenever these nerves are disturbed the rhombencephalals are in turn affected by sharp reverberations within the spinalis epiphysis, such that the entire equilibrium of the body is disturbed. The resulting syndrome includes post orbital pains, laryngeal gyrations, epigastric disturbances and diarrhea.

The point is that I estimate that about 50 percent of your readers suffer from this affliction. Besides the disturbance of hydrogen oxide in the cranial cavity.

Thurl Andrews  
Kansas City, Kansas

Your rhombencephalals are full of garbodorfic

## SPORTS CAR RACING

Your article on sports cars was pretty good. Generally, you are right about American cars, but I didn't care much for your reference to Indianapolis "bug run." The Indy cars are the best racing machinery made in the U.S. They are adequately open to the criticism that they can do only one thing, but they are only built to do one thing and they do that better than any other machine in the world. The Indy cars don't compete with the Grand Prix cars—they are not built to. The G.P. cars don't compete with the Indy cars—they are not built for that purpose.

Generally the Indy cars attain higher speeds than the G.P. cars because they are lighter (no gear boxes). They accelerate from relatively high speeds (50-95 in the turns) to top speed. They only turn left, but man, do they turn left. They are built to lap a two-mile closed circuit track; in that field they are supreme.

Ferrari is planning an assault on the "500" this May. The entry a Ferrari engined Kurtis Kraft chassis. "If you can't beat em—

Mercedes was interested in the "500" and sent more less than their famous

racing manager, Papa Alfred Neubauer and company. With the usual German proficiency, they checked everything. They requested the temperature readings, by hours, and humidity records for Indianapolis during the month of May for the past ten years. Then "When we come, we will take the lead on the second lap and hold it to the finish." Which meant that they would not come until according to their calculations, they could do just that. During the race that year, as we watched Lee Wallard reel around in his iron, he was heard to mutter "What acceleration what nerve, what skill?" By the way the silver arrows have yet to assault the brickwork.

You pick the two mile closed circuit course and I'll take the Indianapolis route.

Ronald Fitz Gerard  
New Orleans, Louisiana

## PLAYBOY PHONY

Somewhere where I work brings PLAYBOY in read and when there is nothing else left, I read it too (God forbid, that I should squander four bits of my coin on such hogwash). I like the PLAYBOYS as much as anyone, but the interest ends with her appearance. The stories are lousy, the articles stink, it is the only magazine on the newsstand that I can read over to cover to 30 seconds that I am also as fond of a little intimacy with the opposite sex now and then as the next guy, but it is quite apparent to me that it is just about all our characters ever think about! The fact that you sell as many copies as you do only proves that the bunch is still among who used to read that crap written by some psycho named Muck Spleen a few years ago.

If I may, I'd like to make a suggestion for future issues of PLAYBOY. Use paper that is soft and absorbent, like Scott Tissue, and publish PLAYBOY on roll form. In this way, PLAYBOY could serve the only purpose it is good for.

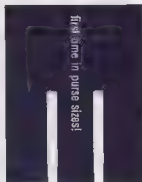
Robert H. Jerng  
Boulder City, Nevada

## PLAYBOY FOR PEACE

And so? Because last I sent Bill Smith a year's subscription to PLAYBOY at his apartment in Beverly Hills. He recently reported that his landlord, who had not permitted Wabines (females) in the apartments, was caught reading Bill magazine with the maidman and enjoying it very much. Challenge! he called his ban on Wabines.

And, Jerry Ross, who disliked his mouth-in-law came into the den and found her chuckling over PLAYBOY, so they get on line. And I took a velvet oval along on a drive across Honolulu yesterday (we're vacationing here). Wife and I got out to walk to the edge of a nearby mountain. Upon returning we discovered our Japanese driver, who hadn't spoken a word of English till then, laughing and splashing his fat little sides over what he found in PLAYBOY.

So the idea: Do you want to help the cause of peace in the world? Then send copies, charge them to me if you're not interested in saving the world, to the



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gents at the Kremlin, to Tito, the Chinese bosses and all the trouble makers of the world, including the boys in Egypt, Arabia and Syria. Start them all laughing over the same pages and a communal understanding may evolve that can embrace all languages and all beliefs. Then, through PLAYBOY, perhaps the world can find real peace. (Glad)

Sam Shireco  
Honolulu, Hawaii

## FOLK SINGERS

I want to tell you how very much I appreciate your magazine. Your fiction is first rate and I particularly enjoy your articles on men's fashion. I followed your word on summer suits in the purchase of mine.

I have a request. You have had a number of articles on jazz and jazz singers—how about an article on folk singers. Stan Wilson, for instance or Josh White or Harry Belafonte. I am sure other readers would appreciate an article on any one of the three.

Scott Jackson  
Petersburg, Virginia

## ATTIRE

Have read the article *Fat To Be Tied* in your March issue. In the article you mention a rather dated publication on wearing and tying of ties. Have often wondered if there is any recent volume on this subject and how and where to obtain it. Can you help?

John Armstrong  
Ft. Benning, Georgia

Suggest you write to Wembley Ties, Inc., Empire State Bldg., New York City or Superba Gramis at the same address for more up-to-date information.

Your magazine is tops here at the University of Iowa. I acquired the PLAYBOY habit early and am now a devoted student.

I especially like your articles on attire, which are equalled by none. I find other men's magazines much too general and containing too much "continental" fluff. The East, in my opinion, will always set the pace for styles and your articles contain plenty of specific information on what the New York advertising men and Eastern college students are wearing.

As I am interested in art and taking some drawing courses here at the University, the illustrations by LeRoy Neiman that accompany your articles are of interest to me. His illustrations of the man at ease in a casual madras dressing gown and that one on rainwear are really good. He seems to attain a "detached casualness" that is distinctive from other fashion illustrators.

Elliot W. Rendon  
University of Iowa  
Iowa City, Iowa

## JUNE APPLAUSE

You had a beaut of a June issue. Wonderful satire on *The Daringer Budd* (p. 7). That guy knows Hollywood. Man del's *Last Gambit* was slick and enjoyable, as was your whole handling of these. The cartoons were better than

ever. And Bradbury! What a guy. What a philosophical message draped in the best science fiction style. I can hardly believe it, but you're still getting better—all the way around.

Edward Dew  
Burbank, California

You'd better start pinning one million and one copies. The girl friend has just read your magazine for the first time (I am sure)—in fact, she has it right now and I am sure she is going to be in the next issue who gets the issue for each month. One advance she's writing about a subscription for me for my birthday coming up in a few weeks. At any rate, chalk up a new fan from California.

Don Smith  
Palo Alto, California

We of the Hopi Lodge Cultural Society for the Academic Appreciation of Classical Literature are happy to announce that your periodical has met the



exact specifications of our organization and has been classified as excellent reading material for college students. The accompanying photograph shows two members of our Critical Analysis Committee (Bill Milam and Gary Houston) in deep concentration as they evaluate the merits of a recent issue. Congratulations!

Gregory Archibald, Philip Marquardt,  
University of Arizona  
Tucson, Arizona

## PRAISE FROM THE TIMES

By way of introduction, I am on the city staff of *The New York Times*, for which I cover the borough of Brooklyn. I also do book reviews for the Sunday book supplement.

I admire the job you are doing with PLAYBOY. You seem to be hitting a market that has hitherto been pretty thoroughly overlooked. Most of the strictly men's magazines are not out with an eye on the telephone repair man and the thirty-six year old adolescent. There is too much "arrived virility and little respect for the fact that adult males have minds as well as biceps and bladders. There aren't many branches left in the magazine field but you seem to have stepped into one handsomely.

John H. Phillips  
The New York Times  
New York, New York



# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## books

As we go to press, the spiritual leader of the Night People is looking for a sponsor. His name is Jean Shepherd, and he is (or was) the wee-hours d.j. of New York's WOR. "There's a great body of people who flower at night," according to Shepherd, "for night is the time people truly become individuals." Such folk, says he, "are embattled against the official organized righteousness Day People who are completely bound by their switchboards and their real tape. Shaking the Day People from their snug complacency is the dearest joy of the Night People, and to this noble end, Shepherd and his night-owl listeners recently conspired in creating a mythical historical novel by a nonexistent author. Book store clerks (archetypal Day People), when asked by Shepherd-inspired Night People for *I, Liberine*, by Frederick R. Ewing, consulted their all-powerful lists and haughtily informed the Night People that no such book or author existed. Their faith in Darwin was shattered when (a) requests for the same, printed in in bookstores in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Miami, Paris and Helsinki, (b) a Pennsylvania d.j. interviewed British-accented author "Ewing" over the air; (c) the title cropped up in the New York Times Book Review; (d) the Catholic City of Diocesan banned it; (e) a radio novel Day Person (sub-species *Liberine*) found a reader for the book in the index of the Philadelphia Public Library (in the corner of the card appeared the strange device *Excelstor*, a favorite Shepherd battle cry), and (f) 25,000 copies of the book

itself miraculously appeared in bookstores everywhere.

This crowning touch was the eleventh-hour transformation of late-listening publisher Eric Ballantine. As we understand it, Mr. B was fascinated by the hoax and recklessly confided to Shepherd that he'd publish the book if only someone would write it. Shepherd's cronie, an emcee-turned Ted Sengstrom, said "I'll write it"—and he did, in 30 days. Shepherd, heavily disguised as Frederick R. Ewing, appears on the back cover of the hoax-that-became-reality, and although it unfortunately reads like the rush job it was, *I, Liberine* (Ballantine, 35c paper, \$2 hardbound) is a respectable cult collection's item and a tribute to that cult of night-blooming non-consciousness in which *PLAYBOY* proudly claims its membership. Maybe by the time we hit the newsstands Jean will have found a sympathetic sponsor. We hope so, but if not, let's raise a cry to restore the High Priest of Nighttime to office. All together, now: *E-ee-choo!*

A hunky percentage of mad dogs and Englishmen may go out in the midday sun but British comic V. S. Pritchett gets lively by day in London when you can see for yourself in *The Secret Sense of Humour and Other Stories* (Knopf, \$4.50), in which the distinguished Pritchett weaves out a trail of humor, low-class Jamesian named blokes like Hubert Umbrelake and Mr. Poxock. In the best of all possible worlds where people are "popping" in and out of the sack, Pritchett describes in his penetrating style the laughable Mr. Philmore who "suggested the frantic, yelping disorganized expressions of a copulating dog," a minister's daughter who asks "when you've lived with someone for ten years, and he pays the rent and keeps you, he is your husband, isn't he?" plus a wide assortment of other fantastic fauna. Pritchett's slogan might well be

taken from the title of one of his own stories: *You Make Your Own Life*.

Among the paperback, the Army reminiscences of *PLAYBOY* cartoonist Shel Silverstein may be sampled via his cunningly titled *Grab Your Socks!* in which Bill Mauldin wrote the intro (Ballantine, 35c). . . . "The power to amuse and, if possible to fascinate" thus is the yardstick *New Republic*'s strongest Eric Bentley has used in selecting five plays from the *American Dramatists* (\$1.25). Saravali and Wilder are included, but O'Neill, Odets, Miller and Williams are not the chosen plays (among them Fuchs's *Captain Jack* of the *Horse Men* and Langdon Mitchell's *The New York Idea*) "more," according to Bentley "with the swing of the American life-shifting." Nares surprise, the Alberto of *Gypsy* and *Dolls*, packed because "possibly it is the best of all American musical comedies" and because "musical comedy is today the most lively part of the American theatre."

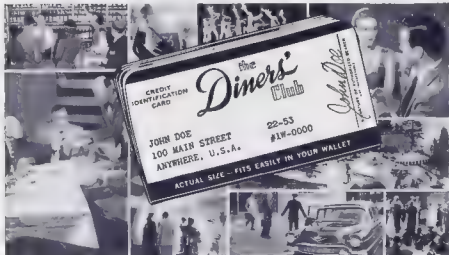
The collaborative habits of the denizens of the delias are reported in *21 Cents Coast Stories* (Little, Brown, 53 1/2). Here the old master Brooklyn Calwell (here age 218) pages of adolescents and sex, murder and sex, child brides and sex, etc. unified in the local stagey style that has become associated with the author of *Tobacco Road* and *God's Little Acre*. Two of the tales first saw the light of day in *PLAYBOY*.

To enjoy Margaret Crouland's *Iron Corsets* (Knopf, \$5), a biography of the fiery darling of the fashionable era, you don't have to be familiar with the galaxy of oddball talents that has kept the avant-garde sky of Europe fondly lit these past 40 years—but it sure helps. It also helps, and may even be a requisite, to have some prior interest in Corcoran and his works, because this is a sobersides



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PLAYBOY COLLEGE BUREAU  
11 E. SUPERIOR ST.  
CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS



Smack in the heart of Philadelphia's nightmarish, Jack Lynch has opened his Living Room (Located at Canine, in the Hotel Rue) a sort of inspired afterthought to the adjoining Tabu Supper Club and just about the coolest lunch in town. We settled deeply into a divan while a willowy waitress (in evening gown) scurried over with the usual. Everywhere about us, couples were chinning at ease in the comfort of over-stuffed sofas and easy chairs grouped around low coffee tables. The white-paneled decor is intended to suggest the Deep South and that's what it does. To keep it straight rather than stuffy, there's a couple of keyboard carolers (Wes Larnell and Paula Watson) who have each either a preposterous charm and gold-gramed points. They'll sing you requests as if they couldn't be more delighted. It's a quiet, intimate spot to take your date an elegant let's-talk-it-over retreat in which to decide what's next and where. Open from five every day but Sunday.



## records

A slow-eyed, slow-singing Patman has a name. Juliette Green is currently losing a thousand words but says nothing of ballads in the better days along the bayside belt of Babylon-by-the-Sea. Now on Juliette Green (Columbia ML 5688) you can hear why the post-happy egg-heads of the international set think she is *enigmatisant le monde*. La Green goes in for songs of many-leveled sophistication: the most marvelous theme ever, a sweet wistful treatment—and predictably vice versa—a screwball animal story is sung with tremendous feeling—and then given a sharp-edged balladness ending, a ballad about the destruction of war is sung with stardust, mysticism. All this in a lady's voice which makes a lot of Paul would like a suggested conversation: *seigneur, Avez-vous l'un de ces sons qui supplient les autres à leur aide* to help you over the border French.

Swingin' from Sonny with a managed to retain its swing influence. *Paul and Paul* comes on real strong in *The Modern Art of Jazz* (Bacon 1102), a red lecture of standards and new compositions in which he's given a hefty number of, among others, Bob Brookmeyer. Side One gives a quick tempo treatise as to *September in the Rain* and the other three selections, the virtuosity and the modernity here are unsurpassable. But to our thinking the velocity sometimes exceeds the felicity. This is definitely true of the way *There They Eyes* is handled on the second side but from there on out to the end it's as good as you can ask for sure and solid and impressive. Two of Zane's originals we especially like are *Dark Cloud* and *One in Blue* On.

Two new discs feature the British maestro George Shearing and they're

about as different as can be. *Let's Get Together* (Capitol 1722) presents the Shearing Quartet with what is called a choir of stringed instruments. If you can't imagine Shearing lending himself to a car-bell, schmalzy, saccharine treatment of some perfectly respectable music, you'll have a sad wakening of your horizons when you hear this one, which is a delicate orchestral and jazz club modern, and might have suitably been entitled *Music to Make a Silly Girl By* by contrast the Shearing we know and admire shines through in *Shining in Request* (London LL 1333), in which the wonderful key and elegant style is displayed as a byproduct of a matured art. All the numbers in this one by the way were recorded during or just after World War II.

*Rendezvous* (Gold Eagle—no listing, —711) is a French human feast. Claude Dauphin, the screen star preiding bedroom hunter and consummate vocals aimed at making a lady's dinner start pumping. Most of the time, Dauphin comes through like Pepe le Pew that persistent, never-pumped stank of cartoon fame and the result is vital even a la française. Sample: "Moi, dis-lui, ah, you are so lovely to see. I do not want you to sink almost tomorrow. You are the one who make me feel alive."

Name your poison Verdi? Puccini? Mascagni? Leoncavallo. Known to opera and outsiders high Ce by all four of these master-buffers are negated with gusto and brilliance, on *Opera del Momento Operatic Record #3* (London LL 1333), an even dozen tenor debuts from Otello, Aida, Cavalleria, Rigoletto, Pagliacci and *Manon Lescaut*. A rarity among the grand old operatic chestnuts herein is Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* and a pretty little pig it was belted out by Signor Monaco and a bunch of boys terror spear-toters.

A three-way shock and terrible counter-cold South Vietnam can be heard on *The Blue Note* (Mercury 209941), top of the bar to Frank Hollander's *Chicago* just up that gave Mrs. Vietnam (the name of the record) a first leg over the fence. This is supposed to be a new, high-toned LP, and it does, as properly enough, a lot of it, but it's not the best. Pick a new record, *The Fourth* (Blue Note label) and it's a must on the new in jazz. *Traveller* and *I Don't Know What's What* are two new ones, but they had to make the list with a punk background orchestra (conducted by Hugo Perclet), a marvelous, vintage collection of fluidate folkloric pieces who really rock up the whole business. Get it together when Sarah used to sing in front of new jazz clubs.

Next in cutting classes, the other just popular spots on campus have always been quaking, warbling and vague, and never have these three Art Forms attained a higher level of perfection than among the German *Studenten* of

the middle ages, *German University Songs* (Vanguard 477) is a roaring collection of that period's boozie-boozies, each a paean to the innate goodness of good beer, good buddies and big bosoms. Included are such throat-busting ballads as *Der 10. Ten Tochterlein* (*The Ten Boys' Daughter*) and *Der Hest* (*As Well as the Little Dirty Johannes*). Brahm's fished for his *Academic Festival Overture*—*Gaudeamus Igitur*—every booze student in German by booming baritone Erich Kunz, abetted by the entire male chorus and orchestra of the Vienna Volksoper, and you couldn't ask for a more raucous, ribald and thoroughly splendid song fest. Complete texts and translations are tossed in.

A couple of discs from two competing companies is worth comparison. *The Music of Alex Wilder* (Columbia CL 884) is first on the A side which was originally recorded as a 28 rpm 4-in. in several years ago, and still makes good listening. Wilder's slick, pseudo-classical pieces include airs for bassoon, flute, in ensembles and solo. *Stow Lounge* and great favorites *America* and *Fantasy*—the latter a vaguely 32-req. by seven and choir, with hot interludes and solo passages for harpsichord. The racy, boogie-woogie titles (*His First Love*, *Paints*, *It's Still*, *Feel It*) for some less-than-fantastic musical meandering by the same smart Alex Wilder who was also taped in the *Tone Poems of Color* (Capitol W735) a pile of sludge made by composers of the Victor Young-Gordon Jenkins cat, portraying the hues of the spectrum as interpreted by the verbiage of one Norman Sheckel, a radio writer whose tedious speech appears on the sleeve. Both the Columbia and Capitol planters have a gimmick in common: they're conducted by Frank (it says here) Sinatra.

Five fine discs for the discerning. *The Jon Eardley Seven* (Prestige 7088) is a brilliant pair at its strongest and Jon's a master technician in trumpet equated as *Drummed Man* (Verve 2086) dishes up K. tips with Anita O'Day and Roy and Klezmer but used to swing beautifully together in the 40s) all doing real well, but for our money Roy's vital trumpet steals the show. *Frank Interpretations* (Norgran 1077) presents Bud Powell who ups to his 8K and proves that master music can be got from straight jazz, not necessarily a foolproof and superior musicianship. *Red Mitchell* (Bethlehem 58) gives us that youthful hooves abetted by such sidemen as Hampton Hawes, all going great guns. *Pipes on Paper* (EmArcy 36616) presents Terry Gibbs in a quiet melodic mood the velvet being provided by five saxes which weave a background to the honied riffs, edging up to a wilky waxy which woos would do well to keep handy for that Moment.

We heard two kinds of Bach this month. The old-fashioned sort is proffered by grand old harpsichordist Wanda Landowska on *15 Two-Part Inventions*, coupled with *Concerto in D*

*Minor* (Venus LM 1974). The bare bones of Bach, denuded of melody, are revealed in all their rhythmic architecture on *Bach for Percussion* (Audio Facility 1812), two fugues and two sonatas transcribed for five guys clattering conga drums, claves, castanets, wood and temple blocks, satchels, maracas, tin bails, congas and bongos, under the stick of Harold Luck. The result is wild, infectious and uncomfortable by turns. These boys sacred in reducing the old-fashioned Bach to a welter of compulsive sounds more primitive than those offered by Albert Moysan and his African 3 members on *An Adventure in Rhythm* (Vanguard VRS 7037), a 10-inch LP of native songs from the highland of Africa's west coast the Cameroons. Unlike the Bach baroque this one has vocals, with such curiously non-melodious lyrics as *On Wango Moyo Muleluma* (*The Brother-in-Law is a Little Self-Satisfied*). Both of these drum discs are great for peppering up a party or showing off your rig.



## theatre

One of the reasons New York is "a nice place to visit but I wouldn't want to live there" is the frustrating spectacle on Broadway theatre tickets. If a play is a bit doubtful during for a Saturday night (or any other night) immediately become as rare as grass in Times Square.

Quintic ways and reluctant to commit, profitable hand, able on a scalper, many a victim of Man Stern rejection is now calling it down to the old Broadway houses where tickets are not only reason able but available. The proper spirit for approaching these tight little enterprises is not to expect a Winchell Smith, but good theatre with a few bucks. You find it at the Phoenix (2nd Ave and 12th St.) which charges a top price of \$1.60. Just wandering up is an excellent production of Shaw's *St. Joan* with Stephen McKenna as the visionary martyr in 1906. Plans for 1956-7 include Wilbur's *Our Town*, Hawthorne's *Birth of a Nation*, a new musical version of *The Merchant of Venice*, 434 sets *Joan and the Paycock*, Churchill's satirical *Private* of a *Scoundrel* and Bernhard Brecht's modern German classic *The Good Woman of Setzuan* (the last two New York premieres). The season rate for this cosmopolitan potpourri—\$25.10 for six plays—is an authentic bargain.

The Theatre de Les (121 Christopher St.) wandered aimlessly under several managements until suddenly *The Three Penny Opera* happened to it. Enjoying the longest off Broadway run of any house, *Threepenny* will set you back a scant top of \$3.45 weekdays, \$4.15 week ends but, to tell you the blinding truth you may have to wait a couple of weeks to get into the little 259-seat theatre. Smaller still is the 4th St. Theatre (177 seats at 83 E. 4th), which is thriving on

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the receipts from its longtime tenant *I Love Tanna*. You can see Chekhov's funny business for a sensible \$3.85 top. The Circle in the Square (7th Ave. E. 10th St.) is currently feeding *The Lioness* *Concerto* to the 17th-odd gathered crowds around the stage. *Panic* is last back's business.

Off to Broadway stages away from the Downtown Theatre (85 E. 4th), The Provincetown Playhouse (133 MacDougal), The Lanthan Players (263 W. 86th), The Cherry Lane Theatre (38 Commerce St.) and Actor's Playhouse (Sheridan Square). Of special note is the New Opera Theatre (139 Bleecker St.) which does not use the grand small credit this well and admission is - of all things - free, although a deep opera hat is passed at the end of each performance.



## films

Cineaddicts who enjoyed Stanley Kubrick's *The Killing* mentioned here in month will be glad to learn that the coach driver Jules Dassin damn near out-Kubricks Kubrick with his nerve-raging *Rabbit*. This, too, is the case history of a heist through which you'll be roasting for the robbers all the way. They come to a sticky end, of course, and a dirty alone too because this is all a nice bunch of guys. We liked the girlfriends, also, especially the one in the transparent nightie.

Playing painter Vincent Van Gogh in *Just for Life*, Kirk Douglas never had too bad. He yells, rants, pops his eyes, throws his chest, saves his car and tin hats, demonstrates real talent. *Just* does well with excellent location photography and a collection of Van Gogh originals pegged to the story line. (From the same-name book by Irving Stone). But the overall tone of mischeived frustration and despair makes everything seem gray despite the Technicolor.

Coldness in the valleys has been on our lips, and cold cities ever since. That what struggled over the Alps, but if *Frontier Progress* may be believed, the British Army conquered the market during W. W. II. The picture begins with the period announcement that the producers are grateful for the cooperation of absolutely nobody, and then focuses on the military career of businessman. The Carmichael cost is a proper Chariot brought in the midst of the II. I. I. His superiors include a medical officer with a perpetual cold, a psychologist with a facial tic, a major who sneaks all in the camera only to discover his cure company had sneaked twice he had him etc. Carmichael via the mail, sections of arch-villain Dennis Price does finally get into the thick of things, but never there - and behind Germany

lines for the sole purpose of setting art treasures for the black market. Carmichael succeeds in creating a character in the noble tradition of Pintel, Schmitz, Hargrave, Sad Sack, Wiley & Joe, Ensign Pulver, Gummer Ash and all the other folk heroes of the armed forces.

If the parades on page 80 select your appetite for science-fiction films, you may be tempted to catch two recent examples of this vigorous genre that have a couple of things in common: excellent technical effects and unaccountably dull humans. *Godzilla King of the Monsters* is a Japanese effort about a 100-foot stegosaurus who stomps Tokyo to rubble and also emits a kind of habit that kills steel girders and heavy artillery. Good, then his inhumanity interrupted by some sphinx in Statewide garage involving Raymond Burr sucking on a pipe and looking thoughtfully at Earth in *The Flying Saucers* continues some of the shuckiest sci-fi nonsense we've seen (saucers hovering convincingly over real Macy's carts), interlarded with campy-edited shots of scale models of the Smithsonian Institution, the Washington Monument and the Capitol Building getting pulverized by the bad guys. If you're a sucker for movie big enderman you'll get a charge out of these two flicks - providing you can stay awake through the flesh and blood stuff.

William Inge's Broadway success, *Bus Stop*, used a gimmick older than the proverbial bulls, take a group of one-dimensional characters from varying social strata, strand them in some God forsaken spot and watch them squirm. What resulted was often dramatic, funny and full of pathos, but just as often crude and vulgar.

Well, Hollywood purchased this popular pot of pap, emulsulated it, and then proceeded to shoot it full of its own brand of hormones. The docu was George Axelrod of *Seven Year Itch* and *Rick Hunter* fame (and to no mind a better playwright than Inge). The completed picture signals fairly well its inferior establishment - Inge's original (and different) script then being the most celebrated recent of models. Axelrod has wisely elected to dump the theatrical philosophy and enfold upon the more striking facet in the play - the humorous conflict arising between the uninitiated uninitiated couple Beauregard, and the pseudo-felicit "Chastaine" who affects a droll herself. *Chastaine*. The brunt of this re-visited effort now lies on the two upstarts in these roles. Don Murray as Beauregard is a likeable loudmouth except for one or two occasions when his gloomy enthusiasm seems forced and affected. And Mrs. Arthur Miller as Chastaine, in an extremely pleasant surprise. Severella has, through some kind of metamorphosis, become an Actress (the character may admittedly be a close counterpart of her own real personality). *Bus Stop* to sum up, is one hell of a swell way to spend an evening.





# The Right Kind of Pride

*in the fraternity, you could do whatever you wanted—as long as allen approved*

*fiction* BY HERBERT GOLD

ALLEN TURNER, a husky man with creamy cheeks and a rapid, decisive speech, tempered his hard duty by smiling with the serenity of a clock. The face supporting the smile broadened magnificently with approval of his words. He smiled past a missing tooth. "You don't play poker? OK," he said to Dan Shaper, "you don't have to. This is the free democratic world. You don't like the program the fellows all like? Okay, the TV isn't a law, just for recreation. You had a ticket to the last game and you didn't go? It's your privilege. But boy," he added mournfully, "you don't ever play poker."

Dan Shaper bowed his head before this correction, just and measured as it was, administered by the President of the Chapter. Modestly he showed Allen the ridges of his scalp. His hair was growing back in little pinfeathers after two ritual shaves. He no longer wore the wig.

Very friendly and fraternal, Allen went on with Allen's important phrases. Prepare for positive living. Develop the social side. Getting along, being well-liked, and good contacts. Allen had risen to high office in his Junior year. The room faded in strongly. "We got Marmaduke men who listen to us, we got G.M. men. We got Allis-Chalmers in our pocket, boy."

He paused. Now it was up to Dan to say something smiling, nodding, pull-

ing the lobe of one ear, all excellent chapter spirit. Allen encouraged him to confess error and forthrightly resolve upon virtue. Allen put his tongue in the empty socket where he had lost a tooth. Patiently he waited. He waited.

Shirry, quick, carefully controlled, Dan Shaper had searched about, hungering, during his first year at college. The winter had been sad—like his own vacant, fatherless home. The first spring had been desperate—like the mood of his mother when she remembered love. Watching the fraternity boys in easy fellowship with each other, or strolling confidently with their girls, Dan had ground his teeth to say, *No, no, stop!* He would not carry his isolation through college with him.

The hungering shone in his eyes as ardent energy. He was both clever and shy and yet had a touch of the easy kidding manners of the father he barely remembered. Before long he was asked again, and this time he joined, and now he wanted to be liked by these friends who had tested him for virtue and performance, approved him for display and freely introduced him into brotherhood. They depended upon him to be one of the group. It was nice to be needed. He turned from the dark panels of the rec room to the scratched leather couches, the collapsing ping-pong table, and the familiar lamping forms before the TV at one end of the

long room and about the study table at the other end. It was an easy place, warm as kitchen life. His loneliness had been a terrible thing.

Allen abruptly stopped waiting. "Well? What's there to think about?"

"I wish," said Dan, and let Allen interrupt him.

"Don't think I'm telling you this just because I'm responsible for the whole Chapter," Allen said, "I'm speaking as a friend, duty aside. I voted for you personally."

With an effort Dan raised his eyes to Allen's. "I really appreciate how you took me in. I never expected —"

"Don't misunderstand me, boy," Allen insisted. "We like you to be serious, a scholarship student. How much your old man has in the bank or sound common stocks don't matter so much. The war changed all that. We need Lohmeyer in the Chapter—we already had athletes, old-type fundies, big men in athletics like me, that element there. We need you the way you are, Danny boy! But one and the same you got to show your true colors for being one of us —"

"I know, I'm learning," Dan said to this very mature young man.

"Let me finish, please." For the first time Allen's voice turned sharp and cold and the smile froze into a quirk of tongue in the empty socket. "I was talking to you, boy, so you listen here to me now. Your individualism goes too far

It's not destructive. If you want to be a loner, like I mean dating towards like that girl, you didn't have to join the Chapter. Nobody twisted your arm. In this modern free world, we all do whatever we want, but when we decide, we got to take the consequences." The smile returned with his moral calm. He pointed Dan on the back. "That's all I have to say, boy." He nodded encouragingly. "Now you talk."

Allen gave him this moment for confession and repentance. To humiliate himself just a bit would establish the old good-feeling, that sense of responsibility to a group upon which every mortal man's health depends. Allen was big enough to forgive and forget on behalf of all the boys, and say no more about it, if only Dan could find the right words—shy and modest ones, but without all the same, in the best traditions of the fraternity. Again Dan tried to meet his eyes, failed again, and said in haste and unsuccessfully, wishing only that Allen would stop sucking the empty socket in his gums:

"All right all right, I'll play poker with the fellows next time."

Lucille lived below the hill from campus. To move his fire Dan made the long walk on foot down that coppery stream slope toward the darker town autumn with its leaves frayed to the gutters. His trouble made the walk seem less long. He waited time to think out Allen Turner and the fraternity and why he needed them.

At the curb part way into town someone was vainly trying to start an automobile, working the sick battery, no-hum, no-hum, while a thick blanket of wet leaves clung to the roof and other stray leaves mottled the hood. The man inside, mouth working, feet and hands punching, sweating furiously in his topcoat, pushed the starter button and gas pedaled without mercy.

Dan shook his head, watching through leaves and falling light and burning. He said to himself, anything to hold on to. He could give up Allen and the others, yes, he could do that—but he could not let them give him up.

The mark of the Yankee he slung withy. And smiled at his self-conscious college-boy naming of the thought. At home they wouldn't call themselves Yankees; they were just children was all besides, the warmth and laughter of the H. It was something for which he had been waiting since the time earlier that his father had gone down over Colas.

The evening staid with Lucille went badly. "What's the matter with you?" she demanded almost at once, knowing that he was not all for her tonight.

Despite her lovely, pale, almost all-very fair, now uncharacteristically long, despite her huge eyes of that magical blue which can change in an instant from a wistful withdrawal to an ardent summer sky stare, she was gawky and shy herself, needing great tenderness from him before he could give him any of her own. A towner, grown up to warnings about the college boys on the hill.

They only want what they want, and then they marry back home or one of the savvy girls. "Dan? Don't you like me tonight?" she asked. "You thinking about someone else?"

"No, no. I like you very much." How could he like anyone but this tall, long-winded, silvery and quiet girl?

"You don't even look at me or call me Lucille. I'm tired. I need to go to bed early tonight."

Lucille let him go back yet please. I want to go home. Dan you don't even say you like my dress. I worked on it all day. I wanted something new to wear for Saturday.

"Lucille, wait, you're not giving me a chance about anything."

"I'm sorry. I guess I'm just tired. I thought you could make me feel better."

He heard the pleading shrillness of his own voice. "Then let me try."—and knew it was no good. Would you like to stop for—?"

"I want to go home right now, Dan."

She permitted her hand to rest in his without gripping it. He did not let her go, fearing the moment when she would no longer be with him, even in this bad way with him. And almost her last words were, as he furnished and pressed usually against her at the door, his shyness turned to pushing, his need brutally excluding her, turning her away as he wanted like any stupid youth. "What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing you can't help."

For the time of a single falling breath beneath his mouth, her body went soft and split, like a ripe plum under the madsummer blaze—then she gasped, stuffing her reply to nerve anger and elbows. She beat at his chest with both fists. He fell away.

Lucille. I'm not myself, Lucille I'm sorry.

She was furious, aroused despite her self, shivering in her new dress, and made still more cold and distant by fright at her secret ache of response to his strange violence. "Stop it! Is this the way they tell you to handle the townies? Oh I know you,"—and she used a harsh word which he hated. "Do you have to get grabby? Now stop it."

I, I, I, he started to say, wanting to tell her of his trouble, trouble up on the hill at the House and now trouble in town with her, but he lost the strength for explanations. A girl is a mystery, and says grabby when you turn all the way to her because you are a stranger to yourself.

He had shown disrespect to his date. All right, then give her a dose of courtesy.

"I'm sorry," he said.

She relented at the return of his shyness. She worked against her own heavy breathing. "That's all right. Please don't say it like that. I wish... Never mind."

"Good night, Lucille."

She gave him her lips chastely so kiss. He leaned forward, lightly caressing her shoulders in his arms, with only the heat of his mouth remonstrant of the brutal straining of a few moments ago. Despite herself, Lucille regretted that harsh secret person so abruptly fled.

but she could only ask once more, "Dan, whatever is the matter with you tonight?"

On his long walk back up the hill, the sleek sweat started again under his new suit, and the chill breezes made him feel feverish. Yes, it's true that trouble, once finding a door, spreads and breathes lustily in every corner of a man's life. Trouble with Allen and the Chapter led to trouble with Lucille, and these troubles made it hard to study, and troubles with his scholarship were surely due. All this made it difficult to write home—thus trouble with his mother. And the thought of it turned him hot, turned him cold, and what if he caught some disease, the flu or something, and had to take to bed?

No! He decided. He would not look for release by illness. He resolved to stop perspiring in this stop-and-stay way, not to catch a germ, not to do it. He passed near the car with the bad battery, glancing under its wet fringe of leaves, unmoved, shut, abandoned beneath the streetlight. Someone had cursed; someone had failed and gone away. He made himself smile.

Better, better. He would call Lucille tomorrow, and maybe send her a box of candy with a note composed now, before bed, to tell her how he felt about it. It must be earnest but elegant, something she might even want to whisper over proudly with her best friend—and yet it would take its lovely scent from their gathered moments together of a fine dark autumn. (One night, after walking so late that it was dawn when they stopped, they had gone to have breakfast together in a steaming early morning restaurant. Very precisely sorry for him, she had buttered his toast, sliced it, and offered him the warm bread with a smile which, more than any other gesture, promised that she might someday be his.) As he wrote, he thought of her tender, tilted grace when she buttered toast for him. She would understand his hammering. Wanting him as he needed her, she someday was already and now. Or so they might both feel.

The letter was painfully made up, working to tell the truth without spoiling it, difficult. Writing to her helped him to remember and hold on.

He sat awhile at the table downstairs in the rec room. Most of the men were still out on their Saturday dates, but the few who were playing cards left him in peace. He was grateful for that, and goodnight without interrupting their game, and went up to bed.

Usually the brothers lay slumped on Sunday mornings, but when Dan went to the House kitchen to make his coffee, he found Allen long awake, waiting for him near the stove, dressed, combed with much water, his face cheerful at the cheeks and wet at the temples.

"Had a good date?" Allen asked. "The fellows say you got in before midnight. What's the matter, that girl of yours having her sick days? Why you in bed so long? Dreaming? Or were you

(continued on page 25)

# THE FOOTBALL BLANKET

by  
**JACK COLE**

*it can be  
almost as much fun as  
the game itself*



Don't let cold weather lessen your enjoyment of the football season. With a little practice, life under a blanket can be quite pleasant.



... Quite



During lulls in the game, you can amuse those sitting near you. Put your shoes in your hands and watch reactions.





If you don't own a Land Camera, a blanket makes a nifty little darkroom for developing game pics and stuff



The old doubled fist addendum is always good for a laugh, though you run the risk of a doubled fist right in the kisser



If the score is tied and the crowd tense, a blanket can help you relax. It's only a game, after all



Keep an eye on those along the sidelines who might try to get into the game.



A blanket is just the ticket for camouflaging end-runs of your own, however.



And as the sun sinks slowly in the west (where else) we reluctantly leave this blanket heaven and return once more to the planet Earth.

awake and thinking, boy?"

"Thinking about what?" Dan flushed. He had ceased hotly, unwilling to be on Sunday, yes, and thinking of Lucille.

"About what I said my friendly ad-

"Sure," Dan agreed, dryly working this around into a joke. "Sure. I'm sure. For Lucille was tight-lipped. I thought she'd be every more a person the alarm would ring. I said I was joined the fraternity because I was a pioneer, he would explain. Well, I'm just another pioneer, she would say. I wouldn't know about that. You feel better now? And he would answer very simply, responsible to her need. I've met you, Lucille. And she would say...

Allen elbowed the fantasy away. "Well, thinking isn't enough in this modern world," he continued. "When I analyzed your problem for you, boy, I wasn't just baling around—issue of the intercom portance. You got to straighten up and fly right. I'm telling you brother to brother, not because I'm President of the Chap."

"OK, you're right, I will," Dan said, rushed too fast. He needed the coffee and wanted privacy for warming his hands over the cup and figuring out Lucille.

Allen did not go. He blocked the way, his body settling without moving. His face darkened. Hiding the vacant gaze, the small full mouth zipped nothing. Easy victories did not please Allen. The glitter at his forehead was no longer water from combing; perspiration swelled in little droplets. "Just a sec, Shaper," he said. "Way-up. Not so fast, boy."

Dan watched this persistence with an unreasoning flutter of panic in his stomach. It was a long Sunday last quarreling. He didn't like that part of brotherhood. It was too much like his own meddlesome relatives. The bland face faces that appeared abruptly at the several doors to the kitchen were ready. It had all been arranged, and Allen's solemnity was another sham, part of the play.

His trial, conducted along lines of strict democracy in the fine old mansion, was scheduled for that very afternoon. He had the right to choose a defense attorney. Only Allen, as President, could not serve—he was regretted, he had to be judge—but anyone else Dan wanted. In a democratic way, the Chapter as a whole would sit as jury.

Dan looked at his brothers. They watched without speaking. "I'll defend myself," Dan said.

"That's your privilege, of course," Allen interrupted. "Privilege. But our procedure is merely to protect you from yourself, Dan, you should know that. We're all your brothers."

"I'm not afraid."

We're a democratic club. Maybe you want to be alone now to think things through? The gap in his teeth abruptly disappeared and reappeared. The plume body leaned solicitously toward Dan. "You, pretty have lots to think over, fella."

"Yes."

"Any questions?"

"May I know what I'm accused of?"

Allen smiled and touched his arm, warning in the days to report such grave charges. Such this was a fine case. Billy Kay, our pre-law senior, has put the complaint in correct form, but I speak as man to man. He passed the love pronouncing the accusation, very careful, giving every syllable its value. "Antagonism. Lack of Brotherhood. In-ferior Belongingness. Lone Wolfism. Any further questions?"

There were none.

The Chapter sat whispering away the minutes, giving Dan his right to quiet alone in his room while he thought through the charge. To plead guilty would indicate an almost perfect humility and might earn special forgiveness from the brothers. "It's the right kind of pride," Billy Kay said him, "the kind the fellows would appreciate." Curled in a tight arch as he lay fully clothed on the unmade bed, Dan admitted his guilt to himself, felt it and felt punished, but did not know if he could admit it in the cock seriousness of a mock trial. He tried thinking of Lucille to make himself strong. He needed strength to take her, he could not draw on her while she too was mysteriously not yet his. Still and pale, he imagined kissing her hair, her distant eyes, the full mouth which once swelled under his teeth—but he was not yet sure of her. Perhaps he really did suffer under the wrong kind of pride.

The firm unfavorable impression made by Dan's neglecting to shave, shower, and dress in his best charcoal grays was dispelled by his pale, modest, bowed torso as he heard the charge and the testimony.

ITEM Alleged sarcastic attitude for card-playing. (I don't care, it's a matter of taste, I don't have the money.)

ITEM Quitting after winning one game of ping pong, without giving Billy Kay a return match. (I had to study, and besides, he could never beat me with that weak backhand of his.)

ITEM Persistent silence, hasty eating, and running to his room after meals. (Yes, I like my room. How can I explain that I feel less lonely with you all in the house, but still need privacy?)

ITEM On the day of the Greenville game, when the House chartered a bus so that all could go together... (Guilty, I wanted to spend that last Indian summer Saturday with Lucille.)

Item, item, item.

Guilty, guilty, guilty. Dan assented to the judgement. But he liked them anyway, he said, he wanted them to like him. With a long dwelling together, couldn't the group come to understand?

And now came his most serious symptom: Lucille. Weren't the college girls good enough? Didn't he know the traditions of the Chapter—that the sorority across the hall counted on each of them? This year there were several ex-

tra girls, he had no excuse. Couldn't he understand that using a townie was an insult to the honor of the club?

I'm not using her, Dan thought, gritting his teeth as he listened.

"Defense?" Allen inquired.

"What?"

"Defend yourself, boy."

"Nothing to say."

"Were you listening?"

"Yes."

The voice rose fiercely. "And you still don't have anything to say, boy? Listen here now—you admit everything? Then there was no need for the jury to vote. He denied nothing, just sentence him."

Allen considered. The ban leader, he knew how to impose his silence upon a group. Dan looked at the walls of the rec and study room, finding comfort in that. I feel at home even at this moment, remembering his year of helpless loneliness before the Chapter took him in. He could be grateful for the punishment which would cleanse him of guilt and place him in good standing.

They would not expel him. He had paid for his room and meals and it was inconvenient to refund the money—this the practical reason. It would also be a scandal. They needed his record as an honor student. The duties of leadership and the weight of decision lay heavily on Allen's shoulders. Responsibility—what would a senator do? How would the director of a great corporation behave? Where lay Justice and Security?

Allen started suddenly as if waking from a dream, as if thinking: Mercy! Repentance, Forgiveness, Honor! Reform these words now flowed freely from his lips. He made a brief but statesmanlike appeal. The applause was spontaneous. Billy Kay led, Allen modestly raised his hands for silence.

"Is it agreeable to you, Dan?" he asked mildly. If Dan would submit to a little further initiation, this would put him back in good standing, cement his place in brotherhood, give proof of sincerity.

Having passed successfully through the initiation only a few months ago, Dan found this most generous—and yet he began to shiver. He could not understand his delayed anger and fright after such unexpected clemency. He managed to reply yes, and to nod yes, and to stand to yes. "Yes, thank you, brothers."

The ceremony was for that very evening. Close the business, declare peace and harmony for the new week.

Allen patted him reassuringly on the back and invited him up for a drink from his personal bottle. "Back up, boy," he said, "it's not so bad. I don't even know what it'll be myself. You know how busy I been with you? I haven't made any dinner."

They kept Dan in his room. Allen, very busy, bustling, arranging and managing, popped his head through the doorway to say, "You OK? Don't you worry about a thing." It was a pleasure not to jitter through another dull Sunday evening. Even in his liquor detachment, Dan sensed something like

(concluded on page 36)

## FOR EXPORT ONLY



*stateside cinema is spicy, too,  
but not for home consumption*

**L**AST MONTH you'll recall, we did a splash on the French film, *Folies-Bergère*, calling attention to the various scenes of certain scenes, i.e. Rina Medana and Overdone. The United States of course was scheduled to get the Overdone version, while other countries enjoyed the refreshing sight of tunes unadorned, or adorned only by a few rhinestones in the wrong places. This ingenious strategy we attributed (if we may quote ourselves) to "Gallie practicality"—but now it appears that practicality is not an exclusively Gallie commodity.

We're talking about a U. S. film called *The Ambassador's Daughter*. It has a lot of high type Americans in the cast—Olivia de Havilland, John Forsythe, the late Edward Arnold—and the plot concerns itself with a senatorial investigation of American G.I.'s conduct in Paris. It's a fairly routine Hollywood product, except for one charming little scene photographed at the famed Parisian nightery, the Lido. Olivia and Forsythe are seated at a table therein, playing for an audience watching the *Boulevard*. The show consists of a rather undistinguished bank of torchpione performed by ladies with faces. This it seems to express Forsythe much more



John Forsythe and Olivia de Havilland prepare for scene.

Below, scene from *The Ambassador's Daughter* as it is being shown to U.S. audiences; at right, the European version.



the fans are lowered. Then he—and the audience—gets a long, close gander at what makes American G.I.s in Paris conduct themselves like American G.I.s in Paris. Forsythe blazes a hot, Oles a twist here, and the scene is over.

We say the audience gets a gander, but we'd have to amend that a little. The French audiences who see this American movie will enjoy the added spice all right, but the only comment André can bring out will get in the salt on the popcorn. This scene—like the sensual sequences in *Fanny Bratter*—has been shot twice. In the version the U.S. will see, the sides of the bare-breasted dancers will be gotten across by mirror shots showing silky backs. They're

nice backs, if you like backs, but they can't pinch fat like the fine stuff up front.

Thus, the producers of *The Ambassador's Daughter* have pulled a switch on the usual situation of foreign producers cleaning up *this* is American market. But no matter who the chef is, there's no switch on who is served the Oles and rarebit on the menu. That hapless personage is as usual, the strong-stomached Mr. U.S. Moviegoer. The difference between the two versions is slight, but it is, as a Frenchman might say on another occasion, *la différence*.



# PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER



“HAVE YOU A BETTER ANIMAL?” inquired a Columbia producer of a screenwriter via telephone memo earlier this year. “They gave up gorillas at Universal and created the creature from beneath the sea, and it gave horror pictures new life.”

The screenwriter, a good friend of the present chronicler, passed on the memo for my delectation, little realizing the shattering effect it was to have upon me. For being a rabid monster enthusiast from way back (being, in fact, a rabid monster from way back), I was at once seized by nostalgia for the ample horror films of yore, the days of the common, or garden, monster that could be whipped up in one's home laboratory or discovered after a little shopping around in a fairly rough and grassy yard. Being of delicate temperament and rather highly strung, I grew a bit put at this new evidence of the exhausting isolation and duty at this latest ex-ample of the growing complexity of modern living. Gasping desperately for breath I reeled once, then struck a tragic posture and silhouetted my

Browns\* paddle against the moon. I went to my bed with a raging 102.5° fever and chagrin. Frankenstein! I apostrophized in my delirium. Thou shalt not be living at this hour! Dracula! Jekyll! Hyde! Don't thou let a low? And Boris Karloff! Bela Lugosi! George Zucco, Lionel Atwill, Lon Chaney, Junior! Whence? Whither? Where are the ghosts of yesteryear? A sea of titles swam before my eyes. *Them!* I came from Outer Space! I came from Beneath the Sea, *The Thing from Another World, The Day the Earth Stood Still, The Day the World Ended, The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms, The Phantom from 10,000 Leagues, The Creature from the Black Lagoon, The Creature from the 1000 Fathom Lagoon.*

I was, you see, lost! Finally, muttering incoherently I sank in a sleep a deep fiful and beset by dreams.

I was in a theatre (on my pajamas, of course) when I told only let the Freudians make of that what they will, and a box of popcorn was in my hand. Among the other spectators I recognized several friends of mine, an old flame, my dentist, my old James' dentist, Marilyn Monroe and Julia Quinn Adams all in their

pajamas, with the single exception of Miss Monroe, she was in the middle of mine. I doubt the significance of these details and pass them on only in the interests of documentation and good fellowship. A newspaper was in progress (I seem to remember something about Johnny Weissmuller being inaugurated President of the United States), but it was soon over and the main attraction smote the screen with an annihilating blast of neo-Straussinsky. The title was:

## THE

And the subtitle

My pulse quickened and my fingers clawed at the popcorn.

"I can't understand it."

The words were spoken by a young fellow with a white shirt pulled at his hair and a fascinating network of goose-pimple lines on his face. These told me he was elderly and lean weight in his next utterance: "Never in my entire medical career have I encountered anything remotely like it."

The camera pulled away to reveal the body of a suspiciously-shaped stardust, horizontal on a white slab. I was keenly disappointed to see her dead, for she had been unusually active in the newspaper

\*George Gordon Lord Byron, the best loved poet, was born in 1788 and died in 1824. The Byron referred to above is Sam Byron, who runs a filling station in Deposit, New York.

another heavy-handed satire BY RAY RUSSELL



# THEY SPELL MONSTER

ed, visibly entranced in horror around the H of THE, baring her thighs and eyeballs with equal vigor, and displaying a healthy supply of pearly molars. However, I was too excited to quibble.

A gentleman with prognathous jaws and a belligerent manner asked, "What's the cause of death, Doc?"

The Doctor scratched his head, got a fingerful of white shoe polish, and replied wilyly, "Severe nausea, Lieutenant."

"Brought on by what?"

The Doctor's silence and tight-lipped fustiblake were eloquent. Eloquent or not, though, he laid a line and "by God, Frey, he was going to say it: 'I... don't know,' he said. And added, "That's mine in your department, isn't it - the police - rather than mine."

It was the Lieutenant's big war. He played it in the bill, stalking back and forth, showing his hands in a clear cut

his pockets and waving hostile glances alternately at the Doctor and at the camera. If we only had something to go on," he ranted. "Anything," he whined. "Anything at all," he whimpered. But there was a thing. A covert line like his deserved explanation, and he Lieutenant was, for a man in short. "Not one single blessed thing. Then with a depressing wave of his hand, he resumed. Just these big fat glands, I swear, a strange type, you all read the book, that's all."

More nervousness, said the Doctor, a warning for "Yes," but in those strange go, a ray of his answer.

Wanda's laughter stirred the Lieutenant growing more self-conscious by the second.

I suggest we get in touch with these

Who's that? I don't want no federal men muscle in on my precinct."

Dr. Rainsome, explained the media with withering condescension "is the world's foremost authority on toxic

Who? Her voice, pretty, I remember, is the source of increasing viscosity.

What's so wrong? The Doctor pointed to the body and the camera focused sharply on the strange, unearthly-type globe. "Goo," he said, solemnly.

And here, the Stravinsky got more into than ever.

I chewed my popcorn furiously and

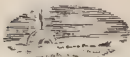
stole a glance at Marilyn Monroe. She winked with abandon. "Goo, I said solemnly, and winked back. Arthur Miller had materialized in the seat next to her, but I snipped my fingers at him and laughed recklessly.

On the screen, one scene was melting into another with head-swimming speed. Starlets of diverse dimensions were to be seen going about such workaday pursuits as cooking, gardening, screening rhinestones into their navels, etc., with such a remarkable degree of studied unconcern that I knew their domes were sealed. And still, the scene was

continued on page 82



# HOSPITALITY *fiction*



BY LISLEY CONGER

## *the goose and gander gambit, eskimo style*

THE GREATEST MISTAKE Copley made was to tell his Eskimo story in front of Evan Barrington.

Of course he had always told it every where without discrimination (and all ways with a sharp eye on his disaffected wife), and it must have seemed even more fitting than ever to tell it at this dinner party in Copley's London home. For Barrington, the guest of honor, was leaving the next morning for some remote point inside the Arctic Circle.

Copley was a bore. He was one of those men who often turned up married to perfectly fine and decent women—or often then not. Lucy was a small, finely turned creature the kind that seems plain and undiscovered until you perceive that inner light glowing behind the dense windows of the eyes. Then you realize that women like Lucy Copley are really quite beautiful. It is impossible to understand why such women marry men like John Copley.

He spent a great part of his time in mourning her.

He knew, I think, that he deserved nothing so full so good as Lucy and this knowledge was so unpleasant a burr that for his ego that he was forced to prove that he could treat her as he pleased and she would still be his. This he did by talking gossamer of other women women he had known, women he still knew women he would undoubtedly know in the future. Copley was, furthermore, a fair raconteur. His repertoire of anecdotes, to give the devil his due, had elements of very humor and showed a knack for the surprising twist which would have informed them had it not been for the cruel use to which they were put.

Why Lucy cared after so much of it I do not know but he was her husband and she still did care, though she had learned to control herself so that you could see only a faint blanching, a quiver, a fluttering of the lip, and it lifting into relief of the little tendons on the backs of her hands.

Barrington, that guest, was one of those rich men who are bored by money but also bored by the usual ways of spending it. He had strayed into Arctic researches, an admirable way of getting out of money. Out of this had come a few excellent new styles and a few new cognacs.

When Copley began his story I neither flinched or wincled but I had Lucy Copley. I had up I hoped Barrington would say Copley up in some statement but I knew the man better

than he. Copley might embroider, but he would never lie. He had been up in Eskimo country, he had stayed with Eskimo families and lived off what he had the sea, and the trader could supply. The truth of his story came out in its wealth of detail—speeches and tastes and in fact it was not a word or two of an Eskimo dialect, and it was further substantiated this time by the nodding credence of the Arctic expert Barrington. But Barrington's credence was, I felt, married by a faint doubt—he had the look of a man who in polite dinner company has learned to something he does not like, but must carefully chew it and get it down.

There was nothing unusual in Copley's Eskimo story. A number of white men have told substantially the same tale of the nodding credence of the Arctic expert Barrington. But Barrington's credence was, I felt, married by a faint doubt—he had the look of a man who in polite dinner company has learned to something he does not like, but must carefully chew it and get it down.

There was nothing unusual in Copley's Eskimo story. A number of white men have told substantially the same tale of the ultimate in exotic hospitality and one or two, like Copley, were doubtless telling the truth. Copley, moreover, all but located his Eskimos on a map, he named names and identified the land he had visited so clearly that Barrington measured his recognition. Unhappily, Copley led his audience up to the gently and gentlemanly among claims of the story, when his young Eskimo host had unmistakably offered him the use of his wife for the duration of his visit. He described his own embarrassment, made more acute by the fact that he had mistaken a rather ugly female visitor for the wife in question, he lingered over his desperate delaying tactics and he detailed his exquisite relief when the sole presented herself with a gleaming smile in a round and pretty face. Copley grinned at us at this point, a boyish grin that was a pleasant little shock in his rather beefy countenance, or would have been if I had not seen a flicking glance he threw at Lucy like the stinging tip of a whip. "They aren't all the shape of those parks," he said. And then, during the usual unspoken question, he went with one of the vulgar touches that always betrayed him. "Well, when in Rome—" he said, leaving it unfinished. "Of course, that was a few years ago, before I married Lucy," he added. But instead of implying that therefore it shouldn't matter he was going to make it up to his wife in other, he means.

Lucy sat very still, smiling up at her husband high in her face. Her eyes were Barrington was looking her with a momentary gaze a naked look in his face. Then he laughed in almost a sportiveness, almost a laugh every once in a while as the evening progressed, a

thoughtful expression would settle over him like an obscuring cloud and I would be watching her again.

When Barrington got back from his Arctic trip he rang me up. After the usual exchange of questions he asked me, somewhat curiously, how the Copleys were.

"Fine," I said. "Just the same. He still tells that outrageous Eskimo wife leading story of his and she still takes it smiling. I think I've heard it a half dozen times since you left." Barrington grunted into the phone. I was about to suggest dining together when I remembered "Matter of fact, I'm going to dinner at the Copleys' tonight." I said it ruefully, "so I suppose I'll be hearing it again."

On dinner tonight, Barrington said, and he laughed in a peculiar way. "Well I'll see you around."

Dinner went as usual and Lucy was her usual quiet, quietly agonized self. Copley hadn't even gotten around to his Eskimo story (there was a new couple there to tell it to) when the doorbell rang. The door, I crossed my mind, but it might be Barrington and I wondered that he could be so gentle as to interrupt the dinner when I had specifically mentioned it to him.

But when Copley in his stuff man-of-action manner, sprang to answer the door, during the slowness of the usual we all heard his voice booming hospitably in the hallway.

"Up!" Great heavens, man, I'd hardly have recognized you! Come in, come in!"

Heaving, he drew his visitor into the arched doorway of the dining room, a young, smooth-faced blond skinned fellow who made me smile like the smile of grey Rameau and what I recognized as Evan Barrington's neck.

I'm sorry I took a job as he said. I thought maybe you put it up. His wife, she's a big, strong, quiet charming. Behind her I could see a waitress, standing in the middle of the hall.

Copley, nodding vigorously about, was still smiling car-door when Lucy stood up and crossed to them, extending her hand. Her plume flaked across her husband's face like the tip of a whip, then settled languidly on "Up" as she said. "I've heard so much about you, I'm Mrs. Copley, John's wife." She smiled. "You must—yes, simply must make yourself at home."



*"Everything is getting so commercialized these days!"*





## KING'S CORD

attire

*a royal fabric, corduroy,  
comes back big on campus*

TO BE CALLED "shue" on a college campus is a rare compliment indeed. Translated from the lingo, the expression means that the fellow on whom it is hung is damned well dressed. He is *not* over dressed, he is not gaudily dressed, he is not too conservatively dressed. He is simply "shue."

(Sometimes, if the budding academic is impeccably dressed, all happens are pulled and the guy is labeled "very shoe." This is as good as being called "very wealthy," but is not nearly so easy to come by.)

True, there are shopworn prints along the path to shoedown. The man who shuffles around clad entirely in black

*(concluded on page 84)*

Deserving close study is the young blade in the campus shop being fitted in the cord suit—a richly rugged wide wale (about six ribs to the inch) with a natural, slimline cut to it, three button jacket with leather welt edging around the pockets and rousing lined in colorful rep silk. Around \$45. Colors include tan, brown, gray and green.

A fine accompaniment to crew neck sweaters or tweed sport jackets are the corduroy slacks: comfortable, casual and very correct, with or without leather trim around the pockets and a leather back-buckle strap. No pleats in front. Slacks, around \$15. Colors include tan, black, gray, beige, white or faded blue.

The small-shape cord cap with the leather-trimmed peak and back buckle strap comes in a passel of colors and even some interesting stripes, around \$4. One of the best investments we know is the corduroy vest, which turns in a neat job of adding both verve and versatility to the campus wardrobe. Around \$10.

gratitude to him for the sin which they could all celebrate together.

There was a conference downstairs, but judging by the way his good friend Allen kept coming in and out without showing his face and smiling his orders, Dan understood that the decisions were executive ones. Allen would take the responsibility. Well, that was all right. Allen was his friend, his good brother, President of the Chapter.

"Put on your pajamas,"—and Allen ducked out. Dan got undressed while Billy Kay watched him. Billy, plump and friendly and a bottle, friendly and plump, had been delegated to keep Dan company. Allen didn't want him to worry. Billy watched curiously while he undressed and dressed in the dullness, knew not what to be concerned.

"Wait just ten more minutes, fella,"—and Allen disappeared. Dan could wait. He folded the top inside and pulled out a sweater. Billy filled his glass, but this time he shook his head. He could take anything. He was ready.

"Is the brother all set?"

"Yes, Allen."

"OK, just a sec." He looked sternly at Billy. "It's now ten-thirty. Synchronize your watch. Bring him down to the rec hall at exactly ten o'clock."—and the door slammed to. Allen was a preparing person tonight. An automobile pulled into the driveway and there was hubbub downstairs. Dan found it odd that, this last time, Allen had not spoken to him. Bring him down. It was as if he were an object or an animal.

"Let's go."

Dan moved, tippy, cool and sure with his Dan moved under Billy's command. He followed obediently down the carpeted stairways—the cuffed wool pleasant on his bare toes across the linoleum of the kitchen—slippery and cold it was—and into the basement from the back way. As instructed, Billy led him into the laundry room.

A large unbedded bulb filled the place with light—sink, soap, pails, bricks, a heap of old tennis shoes in the corner. Lounging and easy with himself, his heady chop-pan with snoring, Allen waited to greet him. He put out his hand, then said to Billy, "OK, you go in now. Go on. I'll explain it to the brother." Billy started through the door. Allen put a hand on his arm, saying, "Thank you, Billy," making it personal, making it something done for Allen.

Alone with Dan, Allen went on nudging and smiling. It was his way of showing that nothing worried him. Objects were always filling up empty spaces. Allen Turner did not need to talk. Naked under flimsy pajamas, Dan found it difficult to meet the eyes of this fully-dressed man. He needed a belt. He wanted shoes. Finally Allen spoke. "Don't you worry now, boy."

"I'm not," Dan said.

"It's nothing much. It's just for the form."

"I'm all right. I'm ready."

"Here, boy, put away a bit of my bottle."

Dan took it. He had never drunk so much in one day. It was generous of his pal, Allen.

Allen smiled, then studied him, looking at him against the automatic washer. "Now listen," he began. Dan barely understood.

He listened to Allen with a beautiful smile. The fellows were all swell. They were a swell bunch of fellows. It would all be over soon. Dan was happy in his new brotherhood. Allen approved of him.

But just for the form, like he said, just to make sure, just not to back out now, they wanted him to pass one more little initiation rite. It was nothing serious. He had nothing to fear if his loyalty was perfect. "Take off the pajamas."

Dan stripped, shivering in the dampness of the laundry room. He stood naked before Allen, shivering dully, pulling his wrists together in front.

"Stand up like a man."

Dan tried to pull his shoulders straight, as in ROTC drill.

"You're among your sworn brothers. Don't look so damn chicken."

Dan faced his teeth to stop the chattering. He was alone with Allen, but secure among his brothers. Over soon. He was not frightened, but being with one clothes in the cold basement, with everyone else dressed, obscurely troubled him. He had dreams of times like this, and never believed the dreams.

From the rec room, through the door, Dan heard the phonograph playing. They all were waiting for him. The record was some cornball Hawaiian tune—aloah-eh, with many guitars and a socky jaggery rhythm. Allen explained, talking rapidly while around Dan's middle, he tied an Indian headress, part of the Chapter's stock of souvenirs.

The feathers behind and the front bare-naked. The feathers tickled the back of his legs. They hung and scratched at his flanks as he moved. "Now you go out there and do a hoola dance for the boys," Allen said.

"What?"

Allen nodded encouragingly.

"Like that? But their brothers—I'm naked—I'm worse than . . . The stiff working of his mouth meant protest, his voice—joining the group—already—did no work for him and he could not speak out."

"It's nothing at all, boy, you heard me and then it'll be all over. A nice little hoola hoola koochie koochie, that's all. Now you just wait here a sec."

"No."

"Listen here, control yourself, boy. I'll go up front and call you when we're ready. OK?"

Dan nodded his head yes.

Alone again, he wished that Allen had remained until it was time. He needed to talk. He tried moving the way he had to, and the prickly feathers tickled him.

He knew that he could not hide himself with his hands or the fellows would know and complain. He had to throw himself into the joke. All right, he would show them. He knew them. He knew himself. He punished himself for his own failures, first of all for his awful loveless last year by offering this tribute to belonging before he took his stand on the outside. For stubbornness, for punishing pride, for perverse justification of all his differences, he would conform now in order to stand afterward more firmly apart.

Brother Dan! Hey, Brother Dan! It was Billy Kay's voice.

Dan emerged, blinking, into the rec hall. The ping pong table had been dismantled. They burst into applause and cheers. He turned to let them see the feathers and buffed them off behind and they shouted and clapped their hands. Someone turned up the music. He was suddenly very drunk and victorious.

"Dance! Dance now!"

He began slowly undulating, keeping his back to them, arching it, giving them what they wanted, calm both in contempt for the winners and victory over his own feelings. He held to this scene, dancing furiously, even bumping and grinding to their cheers, flipping the stiff feathers and letting them fly. Aloah-eh, aloah-eh, sliding and moving. Now, stop dancing, he turned.

Many of the faces were not watching him. Odd. He danced, but they were craned around, staring at the door. Allen had come in through the front door of the long room. He was standing with someone. She had a round, unsmiling, terrified face, and her eyes were fixed on him with an expression so strange, so fixed, and finally so cold even in her fright, that for a moment he did not recognize Lucille.

Allen had a mixed lot a surprise party and maybe said it was his birthday—a piece of cake for the 24th. Dan felt at once in the single air of his rush through the audience while the music scratched and whined. Dan felt completely clothed, not at all naked—waxed and feathered by rage as he flew toward Lucille. He did not touch her, however. He fell on Allen, hitting, punching, kicking, working deliberately toward Allen's head teeth and it took Billy Kay and two others to pull him off.

Looking at Allen's aggrieved face, white and stiff in the unexpected, not having counted on this, the mouth already puffing and swelling, Dan Shaper felt that he had come a long way toward his education. You have to make your own terms, he decided, even for fellow ship. Lucille had slipped out alone. The girl could not now be Lucille having committed herself to his disgrace, even by mistake, she should have stayed with him until the end, but after this evening, with the next girl, Dan and everything else would be different.

And Allen's lip would stay broken for awhile.



"Aha! The moment of truth!"

# a tipsy treatise on the sudden rise of vodka

By Thomas Mario *playboy's food & drink editor*

**V**ODKA, according to the ads, will leave you breathless. This pitch makes a particular appeal to those executives who sometimes return to the office right after an important business lunch with a breath strong enough to carry freight. The advertising claim is indeed correct. Vodka will leave you breathless.

It will also, if you drink enough of it, leave you speechless and motionless.

Vodka is a drink for people who hate liquor. Hence, its recent rise to popularity in this country. Americans love to get high, but an appalling percentage of them don't give a damn for the taste of booze. In fact, many Americans actively dislike it.

Vodka is simply pure grain neutral spirits distilled in the same manner as gin. While gin, however, is redistilled with juniper berries to give it its characteristic flavor vodka is processed through charcoal to remove as much flavor as possible. The secret of good vodka seems to be not in the original distillation but in the charcoal process which occurs afterward. The kind of wood from which the charcoal was made, such as hickory, oak or cherry, determines the tone and clarity of the final product. Some distillers filter their vodka through as many as nine different columns of charcoal.

Fortunately, while America's vodka appetite has vaulted higher and higher, the sales of gin haven't dropped at all. As a matter of fact the gin output jumped in 1985 about two million gallons over 1984. Apparently there are still a sufficient number of drinkers who want their Martini to taste of honest juniper juice and who know that a Tom Collins was originally a drink made with English Old Tom gin and no other substitute.

PLAYBOY, frankly, loves the man-sized flavor of strong waters (as any true bow

enient should) but as an up-to-the-minute handbook for the urban male, we have a duty to perform: namely, to pass along a few tips on how to make vodka — that tasteless tipple — tasty.

Actually, like any other food or drink that passes over the back of the tongue, vodka isn't completely tasteless. If, for testing purposes, you were to sip in succession three or four prominent brands of American vodka at room temperature you would detect certain definite major differences in flavor. The true vodka virtuoso, needless to say, doesn't permit even this fraction of a sensation to affect his taste buds.

In Finnish restaurants, for instance, one drinks vodka straight, as an aperitif. When the Finnish bartender reaches for the vodka, he brings out a bottle robed in a thick blanket of ice. The ice was formed by placing the bottle of vodka in a can of water, freezing the water and then removing the can. The Finn pours the biting cold vodka into glasses which have been pre-iced. The extreme cold helps to nip any residual flavor which might have remained in the liquor. The drink is taken business up. While the Finn is swallowing the vodka with one hand, his other hand is reaching for a plate of plump herring fillets, bright with oil. Then, if by accident a slight waft of alcoholic flavor lingers in his mouth, it's at once obliterated by the intense flavor of the herring. The correct Finn repeats the step two more times. After the second draft of vodka, he may eat some thinly sliced smoked salmon. After the third, he may munch a slice of hot sausage on rye bread. Then slowly the quiet Finn begins to feel the presence of the Northern Lights rising in the sky and his taciturn nature turns into a wonderful show contact.

There are now about 100 different brands of vodka on sale in American

liquor stores. When you buy a bottle of vodka, the salesman will ask you if you want 80 proof or 100 proof. These are the main categories, but there are a number of variations from these low and high powered models. Nikolt brand vodka is bottled at 90 proof on the theory that a good average strength vodka will provide an all purpose liquor suitable for straight or mixed versions. Imported Brons Wolfhound vodka manufactured in England is put up at 91.5 proof. Hard also imported is 100 proof. The most potent domestic vodka is Cavalier brand, a hefty 165 proof specimen.

For those who like vodka but still want some semblance of flavor, there are lemon flavored and peppermint flavored vodkas although they are small stars in the constellation. Perhaps the most distinctive of all flavored vodkas is the imported Zolirocka from Czechoslovakia. Its flavor is developed by steeping vodka in Buffalo grass which is grown only in Poland. In each bottle of Zolirocka there is a blade of Buffalo grass.

Even a colored vodka has now entered the journey. Golden Yar vodka originally made in Holland but now distilled in this country is bottled at 80 proof.

Between the imported and domestic varieties of vodka there are no earth-shaking differences. A special taste, however should be given to the Fin and House vodka bottled and shipped by the Republic of Finland. It's dry and silky smooth, with a stunning 101.8 proof. For cold straight pre-dinner drinking, it provides the most happy kind of exit from.

Vodka drinks fall into several main categories. First of all, there are the drinks in which vodka takes the place of gin, whiskey or other liquor. For those drinkers who may dislike the fla-

(continued on page 20)

## THE POTENT PARVENU







Playmate Pilgrim meets members of the Dartmouth faculty at a tea held in her honor. The entire campus was smitten by the lovely pin-up come to life and Janet had an unforgettable weekend.

## JANET'S DATE AT DARTMOUTH

*an ivy weekend with  
playboy's office playmate*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MIKE SHEA



Subscription manager Janet Pilgrim supervises the magazine's subscription circulation while increasing PLAYBOY readers' circulations by posing playfully as the provocative Playmate of the Month.



Student Leonard Clark won a date with Janet by entering a cartoon of himself picking petals from a daisy in the "I want Janet Pilgrim for my Playmate" contest sponsored by the school paper. At night, he proudly escorts Miss Pilgrim to dinner in Thayer Hall, well aware of the envious eyes of several hundred Dartmouth men.

WHAT FLOPPERS TO AN attractive young of lice girl when she suddenly becomes a favorite pin-up of several hundred thousand men across the country?

Janet Pilgrim, our subscription manager, found out soon after her Playmate appearances in the July and December issues of PLAYBOY last year. There were a number of professional modeling offers, two TV proposals and a chance as a Broadway show, but these were easy to turn down because Janet likes her job at PLAYBOY. More difficult to decline were the dozens of invitations from college men across the country to various dances, hops, balls, carnivals, beer-hunts and other assorted formal and informal student functions. Janet couldn't accept

them all, so one school was selected to represent the many.

Dartmouth College, in Hanover, New Hampshire, is one of the oldest colleges in the country, steeped in tradition, with a history dating back to pre-revolutionary days. It is the winter sports center of the Ivy League, famous for its annual Winter Carnival that served as background for Budd Schulberg's novel, *The Drowned*. When this starchy institution requested permission to build a campus show around a PLAYBOY theme, we were flattered and, in granting the request, waggishly inquired if Janet Pilgrim might not be valuable as a super view of the proceedings. The Dartmouth men called our bluff and re-



Janet autographs Playmate pictures of herself at one of the dorms and greets students over college radio station WGDS.



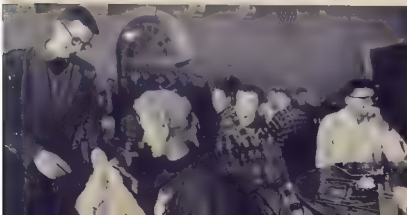


Janet lectures to a packed house in what is supposed to be English 96. She explained what it is like to supervise the subscription department of the nation's most popular urban men's magazine and almost every word met with cheers.



Janet is the center of a press conference in the offices of *The Dartmouth*, the oldest college newspaper in America; she had to stand on a chair so that she could be seen during the interview; student beside her holds the paper's pet alligator.

During lunch at the freshman dining hall, a PLAYBOY reader presents Miss Pilgrim with the top half of a pair of his pajamas, a picture story in the magazine had mentioned that Janet buys men's PJs and wears the tops as shortie nightgowns.



sponded with a ringing *Yes!*

With a movie star or Broadway celebrity, this eagerness might have been expected, but when such campus commotion was caused by the anticipated arrival of a Chicago office girl, that was news. Late decided third brother covers the event, assigning a photographer and correspondent to stay with the young lady throughout the trip.

It had been decided in Hanover that Janet should have a student escort, so the college paper, *The Dartmouth*, ran an "I Would Like Janet Pilgrim For My Playmate Because" contest. Leonard J. Clark, president of the local chapter of Beta Theta Pi, won the honor - not by completing the sentence in 25 whistles or less, but by pointing a Cole-like picture of himself plucking the petals from a daisy. The simple caption "Pilgrim because."

Janet arrived early Friday and was escorted first to a press conference in the offices of the school paper, where a corps of some 50 "correspondents" had gathered. They asked about her job. *Yes*, she really was subscription manager of the magazine. Had she ever done any professional modeling before becoming a Playmate? *No*, she'd never been interested. Did playboy raise her salary when she started becoming famous? She *tried* to raise it, but only because her subscription job had grown; she had a single girl working for her when she posed for her first Playmate picture and now there were 18 women in her department. Janet discovered that *The Dartmouth* had been



MISS OCTOBER

FLORIAN'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH











printing stories and pictures of her on the front page all week, and now they wanted a photograph of her being kissed by her date. She obliged.

Janet was hustled from the press conference to a lecture hall where English 96 was scheduled. The hall was a large one, with a gallery in addition to a sizable main floor but for some strange reason it was completely filled. An instructor, Severin DuVall, stepped forward to dismiss the class because the scheduled lecturer was ill, but changed his mind and introduced Janet as a guest lecturer instead. She talked about the operation of her subscription department — a dry topic one might think, but almost everything she said was greeted with wild cheers; when she confessed she had never quite "made" college, the walls shook with laughter. Professor DuVall remarked that Professor Robinson was certainly going to be sorry he missed this.

On Friday afternoon a brief rehearsal of the variety show was held and that evening Janet and her escort ate in Thayer Hall, the freshman dining room. Janet was practically mobbed when she entered — students cheered and stood on their chairs for a better view. One presented her with a gift, the top half of his pajamas (a playboy article on Janet had mentioned the likes to wear men's PJ tops to bed). After dinner, she was guest of honor at a meeting of a senior secret society, The Casque and Gauntlet, where a strict rule against picture taking and the premises was, undoubtedly, relaxed. At 11:30 P.M. Janet was interviewed on WGD5, the college radio station, and read the midnight news from the L.P. wire service.

The next morning, Len Clark took Janet shopping and bought her one of the ankle length green-and-white scarves Dartmouth men traditionally give their dates. Lunch followed, then a session of Playmate autographing, more rehearsal and a faculty tea at which Janet met faculty members, their wives and the Dean.

After a quick cocktail and dinner, she dressed for the variety show, appropriately titled *The Playboy Playball*. Janet was introduced and thunderous pandemonium reigned. She apologized for not being able to sing or dance and doubted that anyone would sit to watch her enter subscriptions on the stage. She said she had brought along some "funny jokes submitted by Dartmouth students" (nonsense). There were all the usual catcalls or provocations, but if the audience wanted her to, she would read some of them. Len Clark then hustled her off stage, but she returned to clown with the show's comic Jack L. Chan (a young man who looks a lot like a comedian).



Leonard Clark and Janet Pflaum pose for student photographers after the press interview in the Dartmouth offices; they requested that Len kiss his date, he did, somewhat badly, and then Janet removed the lipstick while the boy beamed.

Playmate Pilgrim meets a fraternity mascot and discusses her part in the Saturday night variety show. Some of the students had expected a mannered but indifferent young miss and they found, instead, that Janet was both cooperative and charming.





Len and Janet have a few moments alone in the dressing room during *The Playboy Playbill*, Dartmouth's variety show. Below, left they watch performance from backstage. Janet was incorporated into several of the skits; appeared with the m.c., two magicians, a mechanical man and an elephant.



Above, against a background of PLAYBOY covers, an elephant pulls a Dartmouth pennant from Janet's sweater; Janet produces another, and they both wave them in the show's finale; below, Len and Janet dance at a tri-teraternity party given at the Sigma Chi house after show.

the late Fred Allen), help two magicians with their act and he screamed while sitting atop a giant Iguanodon for the finale as elephant pulled a Dartmouth banner from her sweater she produced another, and they both waved them while the band played a campus favorite, Dartmouth's *On Town Again*.

As the weekend came to a close the Dean remarked that he had never met anyone "from the outside" who had represented herself more creditably or better represented her organization than our girl Janet. It was a mighty milestone in Pilgrim's progress, one that Janet — and a lot of guys — will never forget.



## PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The young man was determined to win his girl that evening.

"I have loved you more than you will ever know," he said.

"So I was right," she exclaimed, slapping him across the face. "You did take advantage of me last Saturday night when I was drunk!"



The husband wired home that he had been able to wind up his business trip a day early and would be home on Thursday. When he walked into his apartment, however, he found his wife in bed with another man. Furious, he picked up his bag and stormed out. He met his mother-in-law on the street, told her what had happened and announced that he was filing suit for divorce in the morning.

"Give my daughter a chance to explain before you take any action," the older woman pleaded. Reluctantly, he agreed.

An hour later, his mother-in-law phoned the husband at his club.

"I knew my daughter would have an explanation," she said, a note of triumph in her voice. "She didn't receive your telegram!"

He did not drink, or smoke, or swear. His morals were not bad. Nor did he live a century—He only felt he had



At breakfast the morning Lady Cribblefram suggested to His Lordship that since their son, Reginald, was fast approaching married summer should be telling him "about the birds and the bees."

Lord Cribblefram did not welcome discussion on matters so delicate, but he recognized a father's duty and so, that evening after dinner, he summoned his son to his study.

"Er... ahem... Reginald," he began uneasily. "Lady Cribblefram and I both feel it is time you and I had a man-to-man talk on the subject of uh... the birds and bees."

"Yes, pater," said Reginald brightly. "Son, do you remember our trip to Paris last summer?"

"Yes, sir."

"And do you remember our visit to the Folies-Bergères?"

"I do, pater."

"You will then, perhaps, remember our drinking with the two lovely ladies from the Folies?"

"I do, indeed, pater."

"And afterwards, you remember our taking them to our hotel and what we did there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, son," said Lord Cribblefram, wiping the perspiration from his brow, "it's very much like that with the birds and bees, too."



"I've good news for you," said the psychiatrist. "You're a well man. It won't be necessary for you to continue the analysis any longer."

"How wonderful, doctor," said the patient. "I'm so very pleased. I wish there were something special I could do for you in return."

"Oh, that's not necessary. You've paid your bill and that's all that's expected."

"But really, doctor, I'm so elated I could kiss you!"

"No, don't do that. Actually, we shouldn't even be lying here on the couch together."

One of the airlines recently introduced a special half fare rate for wives accompanying their husbands on business trips. Anticipating some valuable testimonials, the publicity department of the airline sent out letters to all the wives of business men who used the special rates, asking how they enjoyed their trip.

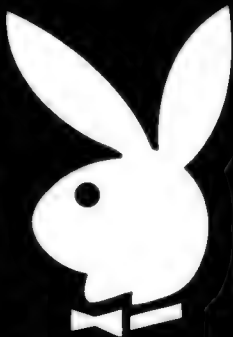
Responses are still pouring in asking, "What trip?"

Have any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy five dollars for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.





*"Most of my automobile accidents have happened in back seats."*



**PLAYBOY**



LA TRUSSARDI AT PORTOFINO

## the italian riviera: a 200-mile chunk of technicolor

**A**FTER A COUPLE of brothy, frantic weeks in Rome or Florence, what jaded gent wouldn't relish a respite on the Italian Riviera—a 200-mile chunk of Technicolor land-and-seascape sprawled out near the top of the boot?

What's so special? Well, in addition to a string of sculptured coves and inlets, olive groves, sleepy fishing towns and rocky, rugged shoreline, the Italian stretch of the Mediterranean shore boasts a precious house specialty known as *ambiente*, that whoopingly romantic "atmosphere." Italians are always sighing and singing about whenever they're in love, which is a good 78% of the time.

*Ambiente* comes in abandoned profusion along the Riviera. Which is certainly one reason why the train running commuter husbands from stuffy offices in Genoa, Milan and Turin to wives and mistresses reclining at resorts along this splendid coast is known as the Cornuti or Cuckolds' Special. Fortunately the same Cornuti also carries flocks of may-nificent Italian womanhood anxious to bask along the beach at Parago in Bikinis that might weigh all of two ounces soaking wet. But we're getting ahead of ourselves.

We usually head for the Italian Riviera from Paris because we like to

eat in Provence on the way south, then blow off steam at Nice and Cannes on the French side of things. But we keep going afterwards, along the Corniche road cut into sandstone cliffs just a few yards above the heaving, totali Mediter-ranean. And we don't stop again until we see the sage green uniforms of the customs men at the Italian frontier.

From then on we amble, stopping wherever fancy seizes us. And fancy, bless her heart, grips pretty often and damned hard, staring right at Ventimiglia, the border town. The place is wallowing in the fragrance of the local

(continued on page 82)

# THE HOODWINKED HUSBAND

## Ribald Classic

a newly translated story from the  
*Novellino* of Masuccio Salernitano



"We shall both enjoy her," said Antonio

CAPTAIN ANTONIO MURDO, a Venetian sea-faring gentleman of great vigor and good looks, was walking with a friend along a canal when he saw a woman so beautiful, so sensuous, so altogether desirable, that he turned to his companion and said "I must have her!"

"For shame, Antonio," replied his friend. "That wench is the wife of one of your own sailors, Marco de Cursola."

"Indeed! . . . No matter. I must have her. I will have her!"

"Marco is jealous."

"And stupid."

"He adores her."

"So do I."

"He keeps her in a lock and key. Love laughs, they say, at lock and key."

"Antonio."

"Yes?"

"I say you will not have her."

"I say I will." Antonio smiled at the woman.

"Will you wager?"

"I will."

"You are that certain?"

"I am."

"What will you wager?"

"The price of a fine dinner, Saturday next, for you and I and all our friends—at the best inn on the canal."

"No more?"

"No more. I'm not," Antonio smiled, "that certain!"

There was an old woman Antonio knew, a go-between he had often used to carry messages of passion to lovely ladies. She was cunning, efficient, and entirely discreet—providing she was paid enough. Antonio was not wealthy, but what money he had he scraped together. "Go to Marco de Cursola's wife," he told the old crone. "Tell her the handsome captain who smiled at her on the canal today is afoam with love, consumed with desire . . . you know the sort of thing." The old woman nodded, smiling toothlessly. "Then tell her he knows a way to take pleasure with her

without any danger from her husband. Ask her to give you her answer: a straight yes or no, without acquiescence. Do you understand?" The old woman nodded. "That is all." She did not leave. "Ah, yes," said Antonio, putting a half-empty bag of gold into her hand. "You will get the other half when you return with the answer." The old woman turned to go. "But only," warned Antonio, "if the answer is yes!"

The old one left on her mission. Antonio waited, not without impatience, and when she returned, he questioned her closely about the lady's answer. He was told that the charmer was eager to know him better, but fearful of her jealous husband's wrath. "Tell her," said Antonio, "that she need have no fear. Tell her, in fact, that I will come to her tonight. As for her husband, she may leave him to me. Go now and tell her these things." And he gave her the remainder of the gold.

Humming gaily to himself, Antonio now sought out Marco de Cursola. He found him in his fishing boat, which was tied up along the dock. "Marco!" he called. "How fares it with you?"

"Captain Antonio!" grinned Marco. "Well met!"

"Well met, indeed," replied Antonio. "You can do me a service if you will."

"Gladly sir."

"I am meeting a lady tonight."

"Ah, sir, you were ever a rogue!"

" . . . and I am in need of transportation. However, my funds are low and I cannot afford a gondola. Can you lend me your boat and your strong rowing arms?"

"With pleasure. Where shall we meet?"

"Here. At sundown."

That evening, as Marco rowed him slowly along the canal, Antonio chatted of love matters, sang scraps of amorous song, and told lively jests. There was a pleasant breeze stirring the air. At length, the wily captain said, "Stop in front of this house." Marco did so, and Antonio climbed out of the boat. "Wau for me here," he told Marco, and he entered a nearby domicile.

Now the cleverest part of Antonio's strategy went into operation. He had already paid the owners of several houses small sums for the privilege of entering through the front door and leaving through the back. In a few minutes, by this device, he was knocking on the door of Marco's own house and being received by the arms of Marco's own wife.

Quickly, but with high satisfaction they enjoyed together the full and delicious ending of their amorous desires. Then, after making plans for a similar liaison the following evening, they parted, and Antonio returned by the same devious route, to the spot where  
(concluded on page 87)





*"I don't care what the other girls are doing, you be home  
from that orgy before dawn."*

## THE DISGUISE



*Silene*

# HEMINGWAY

*a title bout in ten rounds*

*pastiche*

**BY JED KILEY**



"It's Mr. Hemingway's autograph I want," said the bellboy.

ROUND 3. "A FAREWELL TO ARMS"  
I FOUND HER FIRST in New York. Or rather  
he found me. I was there on my way to  
the West Coast. It was my first trip to  
The States in twelve years and the news  
papers gave me quite a bit of it up. Pictures  
in the paper and everything. He saw it  
and came around to the Plaza to see me.  
I was glad he had seen it.

He looked pretty low, I thought. But  
that awful Depression and the Prohibi-  
tion stuff was enough to make anybody  
low. He had a clean shave though and  
didn't need a haircut. He even had a tie

on. He never felt right in city clothes.  
Looked like a fireman out of uniform.  
Keep shaking his head sadly. I expected  
him to start congratulating me. But he  
didn't. Guess the Depression it got him  
caught up with him over here. Too bad.  
Out of the living part into the fire. I  
thought.

"Hello," I said, slow.

"Hello," he said.

"Get some bad news?" I said.

"Yes," he said.

"About a book or something?" I said.

"No," he said. "About you. Is it true?"

"Is what true?" I said.

"That you are only getting five hundred," he said.

There he goes again, I thought. Only five hundred he says. You'd think five hundred a week was peanuts to hear him talk. Looked like he was going to break out crying. I poured him a drink of twelve dollar Scotch fast. I knew he wouldn't let any tears dilute that. But he hasn't had any Scotch that good since he's been in New York. I thought it's coming in every week. I said,

"Tear up your contract," he said.

"Why?" I said.

"The place is a graveyard for writers getting small dough," he said.

Still thinking about graveyards, I thought. I knew it wasn't sour grapes. Just a state of mind. You could see he really felt sorry for me.

"Ever been there?" I said.

"No," he said.

"Oh," I said.

Refused I or makes that round last week," he said.

"Pretty good nurse for a club fighter," I said. "Suppose I could get you a grand bout out there. What would you really take?"

"Ten thousand," he said.

"A year?" I said.

"A week," he said.

"Oh," I said.

What are you going to do with a guy like that, I thought. Who ever heard of a writer getting ten grand a week? That's a half million a year. Must be kidding me. If I can get him a job in Hollywood I'll do it, I thought.

I said aloud, "How is the Depression hitting you?"

"What Depression?" he said.

"I wouldn't know," I said. Heard things were pretty tough.

"Haven't noticed it," he said.

"My last bout drew a big gate. Best seller. Bought a house and a house in Key West. I'll be shooting at the New York State title in the Garden in my next one."

I rang up for some ice and some setups and when the bellboy came in with the ice he turned the knife. Held out a pencil and asked Ernest for an autograph. I reached for the pencil thinking the kid had made a mistake. I was the visiting celebrity. But the bellboy held on to the pencil and handed me the ice instead. "It's Mr. Hemingway's autograph I want," he said. "I can sell it for ten bucks anytime."

"That's a hot one, I thought. Must be

right.

"That your son, Ernest?" I said.

"Could be," he said.

The bellboy said, "I read *A Farewell To Arms* and it's a swell book."

"I've heard it well spoken of," Ernest said.

"So have we," my friends said.

"I must remember to read it," I said.

"You won't," Hemingway said.

I said farewell to New York the next day. A limo band met me at the station in Hollywood and escorted me in state to the studio. Then they forgot all about me. I couldn't learn the language

They would ask me how much I was getting and then stop speaking to me. I met an old newspaper pal of mine from Chicago named Charlie MacArthur. He was getting two grand a week. He told me I didn't believe him until he showed me his contract. When he heard what I was getting, he shook hands warmly with me. (Cuddly pal.) I said, "Nice seeing you." And he walked away. That guy Hemingway must be psychic, I thought. When I saw one of the movies they made of my stuff I hit out for Paris. Couldn't take it.

I tried to contact Ernest in New York but he was fishing in Key West. After three weeks in Paris I got another offer from Hollywood. The Fox studio wanted me for a Paris picture. They didn't even know I had ever been in Hollywood. I raised the ante a little this time but it still was not enough. Again I looked for Ernest. But he was still fishing.

But back in Hollywood this time I got my chance to pay him back for that big favor he had done me at a Paris fight. I was working at MGM at the time. It was about a year later I had not heard how he was doing. In Hollywood you never read or talk about any body but yourself.

But somebody at MGM must have broken the rule. They had seen an item in O. O. McIntyre's column about Hemingway and me. I was right there on the lot so they sent for me. I was escorted with great deference into Louis B. Mayer's office. Did I know Hemingway? Sure I did. Could I get him to come out to Hollywood? Sure I could—for big money. How much would he want? Plenty.

Naturally I knew that ten grand a week was ridiculous and I also knew that Frances Marion was the highest paid writer on the lot at that moment. She was getting \$2750 a week. So I told them they would have to pay him five thousand. No harm in asking, I thought.

They never batted an eye. You'd think it was five cents the way they agreed. I couldn't wait to get out of there to send him a telegram. Here it is.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY  
KEY WEST FLORIDA

GET VOL OFFER FIVE THOUSAND A WEEK STOP MGM STUDIO HIGH THREE MONTHS CONTRACT I STOP WIRE ACCEPT AND STOP CONGRATULATIONS

END

Well, I thought, it will be nice seeing the kid boy again. Five grand a week? Some stipend. I knew that he wasn't the kind of guy to stop talking to an old pal just because he was in the big sugar hite kind of a guy to have around to put the bite on now and then too. He'd never miss it. Makes a fellow feel good to help out an old pal. I felt swell and could hardly wait for his wire. Maybe we could get a house together in Beverly Hills with a big swimming pool and everything. I was wondering how long it would take him to get there when his wire came.

JUD KERRY  
MGM STUDIO

LAKEVIEW CITY CALIFORNIA  
DON'T BE SILLY STOP  
ARMAND

There it was in black and white. I saved the telegram in case some psychic tried to key West might want to see it some day. How do you get that way? I thought. Five grand a week is twice as much as the President of the United States gets. And he says don't be silly. Why, F. Scott Fitzgerald was only getting a thousand on the same lot. I told Scott about it. He shook his head sadly.

"Maybe he's right," Scott said. "I heard he just turned down fifty thousand for the movie rights to *A Farewell To Arms*. Still he wants a hundred grand or nothing."

"What?" I said.

"That's right," Scott said. "And to think that I thought I was overpaid when they offered me ten for one of mine."

"He's not a writer," I said. "He's a business man."

"No," Scott said. "He's a great writer. I didn't think so. I wish I had tried to talk him that time."

"All right," I said.

"Sure," Scott said. "I was the champ and when I read his stuff I knew he had something. So I dropped a heavy glass shingle on his head at a drinking party. But you can't kill the guy. He's not human."

"Hurt him much?" I said.

"Not enough," Scott said. "Only twelve stitches."

"Too bad," I said.

I could have dropped a whole roof on him after that telegram. I was counting on a nice ten percent for getting him the job. Felt sorry for poor Scott too. Hollywood turned out to be a graveyard for him all right. He died soon after.

I left Hollywood in 1934. It was too lonely. Then one day in New York I saw a big headline in *Piersey*. "HOLLYWOOD GETS 100 C'S FOR FAREWELL." It read: What do you know? I thought. He got it. That was tops in those days for movie rights to a novel. One hundred thousand snickers! Some purse.

Wonder if he can take it, I thought. Poverty is harder to take than poverty. A lot of good men slow down when they get into the big money. Look at poor Scott Fitzgerald. He was a great champ until he started getting what he thought was big money. Then he never wrote another thing. The bug bit him. He was already punch drunk when I saw him in Hollywood. A has-been at 33.

Wonder if Ernest will keep slugging like he always did, or get out of shape too? Might even go high-ball. I didn't see how he could get the swell, head. He had that, as big as it could stretch ten years ago. Before he had a dime. He can dish it out, I thought, but he can take it?

I found out in the spring of '35.

NEXT MONTH  
SCAND 4 "WINNER TAKES NOTHING"



## SAVING MONEY ON YOUR WIFE'S CLOTHING

more excellent advice on how to succeed with women without really trying



"Maybe with a little more lipstick, or something."

satire BY SHEPHERD MEAD

THE FAR-SEEING HUSBAND knows how important it is for his wife to be well-groomed at all times. The sloppy, poorly-dressed wife creates a bad impression everywhere, can even be harmful to a man's standing in the community, and to his business relations.

Remember that a dollar spent to make your wife lovely is a dollar invested not only in her future, but in your own.

## BUT BE CAREFUL

Luckily, good grooming and careful spending do not go hand in hand. Some of our best groomed maistons are ones who spend the least actual cash, though their investments in taste and careful planning can be large indeed.

There are many ways for the thoughtful husband to help his wife cut clothing expenses. If you remember some of the following methods—and have a well-trained and cooperative wife—costs

can be matched dramatically  
Use the Model Life

She can be the same skillfully conceived character discussed above. An occasional word or two about her can be inspiring.

"By the way pet, Joe's wife stopped in at the office today. What a knockout!"

"She hasn't your basic good looks. Phoebe—essentially a plain woman—(a bit of flattery is good here) It's just that she has a genius for clothes. She was wearing this cult—"

"No, as a matter of fact she ran it up herself. Bought a 50c pattern, and used the old auto seat covers. Knocked it out in just a few weeks."

## THE HAT PROBLEM

Though a woman's hat is utterly un-  
(continued on page 64)



*"The devil of it is, with Mt. Everest out of the way,  
there's nothing left to climb."*

"All I require," said Tuhil, "is a \$45 deposit."

## A POUND OF FLESH

*fiction* By Anson Mount

*Any que h Baboun I do deny that  
strut*

*I have never known you me than you  
tutur*

Thomas Wee has

*It is in Phantasmic Spire*

WE WERE ALWAYS IN THE big old afternoon  
Tuesdays, eating under the big white garden  
in the middle of the big street, and saying  
the after thoughts of our mutual  
entertainment.

Our conversations at those days took  
some pretty wild turns. Among other  
things, we worked out a classification of  
caked-on dirt and dirt on women  
in the States, and played a game of it in  
a kind of the big game. We would  
entertain it with a big game, and other  
more, sometimes, and I would find  
it for a long time to come. We  
were competing, and it was the same prob-  
able, and it was the same, and it was

*concerning a sinful  
enterprise  
of heroic proportions*



Tahid approached through the stone archway from the street strapping absurdly over the fly-covered Arab who always slept there in the afternoon. He was wearing that incessant mechanical smile which revealed a protruding semi-circle of almost horizontal upper teeth. I never could figure out why Sammy took such a shine to that bastard. He had eyes like a pawnbroker and the sense of humor of a barnacle.

Tahid sat down and had a slow drink with us. He even made lame attempts at conversation, which told us that he had something bigger on tap this time than a little hashish or some racy parures. At the first lull in the conversation he began to feel us out. Would we be asked, like our abominable employers on a more domestic basis, with quality, sentiment and availability always in mind?

We tried not to appear too enthusiastic, but we admitted that these considerations indeed had merit.

Well, it just so happened that a certain business acquaintance of his (a man of impeccable integrity on whose moral virtue and honesty Tahid would gladly swear a thousand oaths to Allah) had for sale a 15-year-old girl of the very highest quality. She was beautiful, educated and willing to work and take care of the family. This kind was coming to a close.

This was a useful enterprise of such heroic proportions that our enthusiasm boiled over on the spot: a fatal mistake in the art of duckering with an Arab. After a little sober reflection, though, I was more skeptical. I could see more than one flaw in the project. There were practical considerations to be taken. When I voiced my doubts Sammy looked at me with the disillusioned eyes of a betrayed brother. The very thought of my bedding over the chance of a lifetime because of a few insignificant details disgusted him. He all but drowned me on the spot.

The absolute minimum sacrifice price I developed (and this only because of Tahid's enormous affection and concern for us), would be the French currency equivalent of \$6 dollars. Only half payable in advance (half on delivery).

I was still wary of the idea. "Look at it this way," Sammy explained. "Suppose we go to a Harrods one day. OK. If we go to the next one at two dollars a jump, that's more like 700 dollars a year. More 1500 for sale of us. Man, look at the money we can make!"

His logic was watertight, so the bar with was closed.

Like I remarked to Sammy later on, we were maybe the only sailors in the history of the U.S. Merchant Marine ever to purchase a 15-year-old girl, cash on the barrelhead. Not that either of us wanted a wife or kids, you understand. In those days of our youth when the hormones were coursing wildly through our veins, like the poets say, we were more interested in recreation than procreation.

No place on the face of the Earth could have been better suited for the

raising of what little hell our psyches bunkered after than the near-utopian quarter of Casablanca. The ways of fate and the Merchant Marine took us there in the summer of 1945, with the help of a German submarine that sank our ship off the coast of Morocco in late June.

The British destroyer that picked us up had deposited us in Casablanca. A harried American consular official took us in hand and found us temporary shelter in a hotel, but the bureaucratic wheels of the Merchant Marine could grind forever before our deliverance was effected, so most of us sought private quarters in other parts of the city.

It was only natural that Sammy and I should look for a place together, we had been all but inseparable aboard ship. On the surface, ours was an unlikely friend-ship. Sammy was the son of a wealthy Eastern family who had steeped him in the finest cultural traditions of Europe. I was a farmer from Indiana whose most consuming interests until a few months before had been football and pigs. But Sammy had been the proprietor of the most astonishing library of books I had ever seen. Not ordinary pornography (that would have been inconsistent with Sammy's good taste. But really, with a pseudo-medical or ethnological pretension, but exciting, breath-taking and, nevertheless, I had discovered this library, and, with it, Sammy, during the long and dreary weeks at sea.

Our friendship grew with those anonymous days and we did a pretty good job of knowing each other, from a perspective of ten years I can look back and we were innocent (but imaginative) kids we were. Our fabrications had been a harmless kind of vicarious indulgence in the pleasures of the flesh, but they grew into an erder-than-thou game that eventually reached proportions that scared the hell out of both of us.

Sammy's library had been lost with the ship. But by now we had plans for diversions of a more direct nature, so we didn't really miss it. The success of our projected schemes to sample the sensual delights of the world depended largely upon private quarters, and we found them with the help of Jules, a delightful little French corporal we met at a tobacco store.

As in other cities I had visited, there are two sections of Casablanca: the European area and the native quarters. But there is also a kind of twilight zone where the two meet. The more Westernized natives as well as the Europeans of shadier history dwell here in comparative peace. It was in this area.

I love white stucco buildings of Moorish architecture, that we found a surprisingly well-kept apartment.

The building was surrounded by a high stone wall which also enclosed a Spanish garden of almost Isabellaian splendor, with orange trees and fragrant bushes and grape arbors. Here we whiled away most of our idle afternoons, loitering on intricate wrought-iron garden furniture, drinking arrack and plotting with the help of Jules, hair-raising future depravities. Arrack is an Arab beverage

of questionable composition and high muzzle velocity. Its principal virtues are that it is quite cheap and after a couple of slugs your taste buds are desensitized enough so that drinking the stuff is fairly painless.

Sammy made some hashish fudge one day that almost turned out to be a big success. We had a hell of a giddy good time for the two hours it took us to eat it, but we both turned a lovely green and got sick as dogs before even eating the recipe for this concoction was furnished by Tahid, as was the powdered marijuana which was its main ingredient. I was also Tahid who volunteered to introduce us into some of the more stimulating sources that were held nightly in the Arab sector. For days we planned a visit to the most notorious bordello in Casablanca, where, Tahid guaranteed, the "exhibitors" we would witness would be beyond our wildest fancies and we would have our own choice of the most desirable tail in North Africa. Unfortunately, we got so roaring drunk the night before our intended visit that our hampers were unseizable and we decided to postpone the delinquency for a few days.

It was at this point that Tahid showed up with the girl for sale. And, like Sammy said, it was such a hell of a good bargain that we couldn't afford to turn it down.

I thought Jules was going to suffocate with laughter when, later on the afternoon of Tahid's visit, we told him exactly of our business deal. At first he didn't believe us. When we finally convinced him that we had really given Tahid a \$45 deposit on the merchandise, he folded his arms around his waist and howled. His fists were told us in gaps that we had just bitten at the offense and most classic came in North Africa, The Girl For Sale dodge, it seemed, was the Moroccan equivalent of the Brooklyn Bridge Sale and the Snake Hunt tolled into one.

We had just spent the afternoon in wildly excited conversation, but now we sank into a melancholy of hurt pride and injured dignity that was no terrible for Jules to behold for very long so he left us alone in our garden to lick our respective wounds.

"Well, it was a good idea, anyway," Sammy said, and poured another glass.

Around midnight, through a haze of sadness and attack, I became conscious of a commotion outside our front door. I yelled at Sammy to wake up. There was a knock at the door and we both jumped to our feet. Outside we found Tahid, furious of manner and ability of eye. He asked if we had the final payment ready. Sammy recovered his wits before I did and said something to the effect of habes corpus. A form was brought out of the shadows, clothed rather heavily in what appeared to be an old mattress cover.

The payment was made and very suddenly we were alone in our front room with our purchase (two arms and two legs protruding from four sagged holes (continued overleaf))





## POUND OF FLESH (continued from page 60)

in a cotton sack. We had bought a pig in a poke and we were afraid to look.

Finally, Sammy unfolded the sackcloth. I stopped breathing for a moment. We found eyes that were liquid black with little flecks of gold in them, soft dark skin and long black hair, full lips that were pink and moist and a trifle nervous. The girl, where it fell against her body, showed promising hulks. But the expression on her face was that of a trapped animal.

I was a little nervous myself and I gazed stupidly when I first saw the juvenility and fear in her face.

Sammy spoke to her in French. "We'll not hurt you," he said. "We want you to live here and take care of our house for us."

She seemed to understand and looked a little less likely to run off.

"Quick," Sammy told me in English—make some tea.

Now that I think about it, I honestly believe that everything would have worked out fine if I had only had the good judgment to turn out the lights that first night when I took her to my room. I had won the flip of the quarters so my turn came first. She was submissive enough, she didn't even object when I took off her robe when we were alone in my room. But, damn it, she just sat on the edge of the bed and looked at me. An unblinking, searching stare. It had something of pleading and something of wonder in it. She hadn't said a word since she arrived. But as she sat naked on the bed beside me there was something of the little girl in her aspect that dampened my ardor. Most of all I guess, it was the trapped look on her face that stopped me cold.

I realized that I was confused. I sat and studied her for a long moment. She lowered her head and looked at the floor with such a depth of sadness and resignation that I did the most surprising thing of my life. I lifted the covers and tucked her into bed.

When I awoke next morning Sammy was shaking me.

"Hey, I never fly," he said with a glint of humor in his eye, "you must have really inspired that girl. She's lost all sense about sleeping with a male peer."

"You're kidding!" I said, bleary-eyed.

"Like hell I am!" He sat down on the edge of the bed. "She must have been well-trained wherever she came from. She's been cleaning up and mopping and dusting like crazy. She's out in the kitchen cooking breakfast right now."

Breakfast? This was almost too much to believe.

"Well, I guess it's breakfast," he purred thoughtfully for a moment. "Say, have you ever eaten carrots stewed in Modena wine for breakfast?"

"Good God, no!"

"Neither have I come to think of it. Guess I'm not up on my French cookery. But I expect we better eat it anyway. She's trying awfully hard out there and I wouldn't want to hurt her feelings the first day. Anyway, the hot buttered rolls

she made look pretty good."

While I was getting into my clothes I could smell the fragrance of coffee coming from the kitchen. I found Sammy enthroned at the dining table lifting a napkin by the corner and reaching for the first rolls. The table was all set and two cups of coffee were poured.

We made a pretty good show of eating breakfast. The carrots weren't so bad, after all. Not so bad.

While we ate she stood brooding in the corner of the room. We tried to get her to sit down with us but she refused. It was then that it occurred to us that we didn't know her name. Sammy questioned her in French but she wouldn't answer. She was either stubborn or the didn't understand.

So we had a long discussion over our attack that morning about what to call her.

Let's call her Sundae, Sammy finally suggested. "It's a nice twist on the Robinson Crusoe story."

A rainy spell descended upon Casablanca shortly before Sundae came to us and we were forced to spend most of our days indoors. There wasn't much to do so we drank and talked. I guess the monotony of staying inside and the deluge of the endless rain caused us to get on each other's nerves. But, for me at least, there was an even more disturbing element. After all the big talk we had showered on each other, an pride would not let me tell Sammy that my conscience had gotten the better of me. Each night that Sundae slept peacefully and untroubled beside me I felt less and less capable of trying to make her. In fact, I found myself developing an intensely protective attitude toward her. This unexpected chivalric turn in my nature was outraged at the calm and lighthearted manner with which Sammy took her to his room every other night and the self-satisfied look on his face the morning after. I found myself being shocked at the unabashed lechery of his character.

My prude made me steer the conversation away from the events of the bed room and I was relieved when Sammy didn't bring up the subject either. I didn't want to hear his snug reports.

But we did have some approximately good times anyway. One day Sammy decided that the men's underwear and trousers Sundae had taken to wearing (she borrowed them from my bureau drawer) were not fitting in any sense of the word. So he came home that afternoon with an assortment of feminine lingerie complete with all the usual straps and hooks and elastic. Now, the geography of ladies' undergarments was something of a mystery to both of us. We sat around discussing the project and drinking attack most of the afternoon before Sammy, fortified with alcoholic courage, undertook the task at hand. I sat in the corner and howled while he got her into the brassiere. He was a study in analytic concentration while he pulled elastic cords and hooked and

fastened and clipped. I offered some minor suggestions but he ignored them. When he had finished she looked like a confused and resentful puppy that had just been put onto leash for the first time.

We knew, of course that our infatuation would have to come to an end some time. But when the news arrived—five days after our purchase of Sundae—we really weren't prepared for it. The American consul had arranged for us to leave for London the following Monday. There we would board a freighter on the States.

A pall of gloom settled over the apartment. And in it was added the full delicious festivity between Sammy and me.

The names of the ship and the date of sailing were not our only concern in the growing feeling of his recent arrival. His irritatingly made a noticeable division in me that he was a real man of the world of Smiles' observations. So perhaps my face of his nature was coming to the surface.

I wouldn't have said it if I had a better check. The tension and resentment had been building inside me for days, and one afternoon when we had been sitting around slowly in silence drinking and looking out the French windows at the endless rain, Sammy said something that rubbed my fat the wrong way.

"Why you vulgar son-of-a-bitch," I said, "you feel pretty proud of yourself, don't you?"

He hit me in the mouth with the attack bottle before I could finish. It that iron chair I threw at him had connected it would have killed him. It was soul-satisfying to throw my fist into his face.

Now, ordinarily I could hug Sammy. I'm bigger than he is, for one thing. But Sammy holds his alcohol better than I do and my equilibrium was a bad shape that day. He had me down on the floor pounding the daylight out of me when he suddenly stopped and looked across the room. Sundae was crouched in the corner weeping hysterically. Sammy was over there in an instant putting his arms around her and trying to comfort her. I wiped the blood out of my eyes and then went into the bathroom to clean myself up. When I returned he was sitting on the floor with his arms around Sundae talking quietly to her. She was whimpering, her little world had exploded unexpectedly and the shock must have been terrible.

I sat down on the floor beside her. Our antagonism was gone now. We were consciously friendly to each other, hugging. I guess, to reassure our frightened little girl.

There was still the question of what was to be done with her. This evening after supper we faced up to the problem for the first time. We didn't even discuss the possibility of selling her back to Tahiti, it was important to us to see that she had a good home after we were gone. Our departure was only three days away, so we decided to take our problem to Jules. He could always be counted on for advice and help.

"Why don't you turn her over to the convent orphanage?" Jules suggested this (continued on page 79)



# WIFE'S CLOTHING *(continued from page 57)*

less, performing no function whatever in warming, protecting, or shedding rain, many women have an unconscious and irrational desire for new ones.

The husband who insists this stoutly will not only save considerable sums of money, but will be doing his wife a real service. We will list a few tested methods.

## Admire Her Hair

A woman who has any hair at all believes it is beautiful. Knowing this is a valuable weapon in itself.

Clenius the way this light

strikes your hair, pet.

"Oh, you like it, Davie?"

"Flocks of pure gold in it."

(No matter what the color of a woman's hair, she will always accept the just that it has flecks of gold in it.)

"Oh, really?"

"Take off that hat, will you?"

"But it's a new one, Davie."

"A new hat? Well, why is it that

you always look so much lovelier with your hair out? Must be your beautiful hair, pet."

Nature the Field

If you aren't successful in eliminating the hat altogether, the next best thing is to reduce the number of various ones.

Always maintain that you prefer the small black hat, the smaller the better. Stuff at all decorations.

How do you like my hat, Davie?"

"Fine, pet, really brings out the

blue in your eyes."

(Make the opening remarks without looking at the hat.)

"You haven't even looked at it."

"Oh, yes. Always liked that hat."

It's a new hat, Davie."

"I liked it better before you put

the little ducky on it."

"Davie is a nut, the whole hat."

"Really? Well, why don't you just

take the ducky off anyway?"

"Well, if I do, it'll be just the

same as that other one."

Oh, will it?"

It may take a few years, but after a while she will begin to see the hidden logic of this.

If, on the other hand, you discover she has added an inexpensive decoration to an old hat, your course is clear.

"I like that new daisy on Phoebe,

does a lot for you."

It isn't new, Davie. I just put this

little daisy on it, and here, and

Well, it looks new! My golly,

somehow it does something to your

whole face, Phoebe gives it a kinda

glow."

If necessary, start this yourself. Pick up a spring of butterweeds, say. There is a good supply in most reception rooms.

"For you, pet. Saw a nice old lady selling it, and it just cried out for you! Remember that little black hat of yours?"

"Davie, they're practically all

little black hats!"

"The one I like so much. There!"

(Pick any one, at random.) "Just

use the butterweeds here, pin it, and—voilà!"

Well, I don't know—"

Really, does something for you,

Phoebe. Gives you a kinda glow."

The Woman-on-the-Hat Approach

Occasionally your wife may, in spite

of all your efforts, insist on a large and

dear, well-thought, dramatic hat. The un-

aided husband objects violently. This

is unwise. The more you protest, the

worse she will want the hat.

Be big, be smart. Take the opposite

track, praise it extravagantly.

"You really like it, Davie?"

"Like it? Phoebe, I simply can't

take my eyes off of it. I guess it's

the most beautiful hat I've ever

seen."

"Really?"

Honest answer. It's such a really

stunning hat that I wonder if—"

(Hesitate a moment and then shake

your head slowly.)

"What's the matter, Davie?"

"No, I think you can get away

with it. Only a really beautiful face

could compete with it, pet, and I

think you're the gal."

"Oh?"

"Maybe with a little more lip-

stick, or something."

She'll still love you—and yet you'll

find that in most cases she'll take the hat

back for a refund.

## THE PROBLEM OF STYLE

Certainly men, women do not wear out clothes. They throw them away while still quite sturdy because they are "out of style."

The woman who believes she is out of style feels the same way a man feels with out his trousers. This is purely a mental problem. Help your wife to face it. She will be better adjusted, and your savings will be encouraging.

There are many ways to combat the style psychosis without sacrificing any of your wife's warm affection for you.

## Avoid High Style

Very high style changes every month, with each new edition of the fashion magazines. Gentle humor is your best defense against it. This requires little thought since the very latest thing will have one or more bulges, bumps, flares, or other such departures from the normal lines of the female figure.

Wait until your wife wears a walking exhibit of haute couture.

There, Davie, that's just what I want, the—

"I see."

(Look at a different woman.)

Isn't it beautiful?"

"I do like it, Phoebe. Clean, simple. Doesn't do her any harm, though, being next to that downy top. Look at the green job with the bulges!"

"Davie, I mean the green one!"

"Oh, really?"

Delay, If You Can

The cheerful delay is also effective against high style. Put off the purchase

a month or so and you can be sure she won't want it any more.

"Please, Davie, please?"

"Yes, indeed, Phoebe, you must have it. The latest and best is none too good for my Phoebe!"

Thanks, Davie."

"In fact, I'll go with you when you try it on, OK?"

"Certainly!"

"I've Oh. Can't make it tomorrow. Let's try it early next week."

(Keep this up for just a few weeks, then repeat.)

Oh, Phoebe, Joe's wife dropped into the office today. Had on one of those off-the-hip-bone jobs we were going to get you."

(Non. "We were.")

Oh, those. She can have it. Davie didn't catch on at all."

C's Flattery.

"Don't you think it's stunning, Davie?"

"Well, ingenious anyway, Phoebe. I'm darned clever way to hide those fat hips. Mightily glad my party acquaintance little gal doesn't need character like that! Takes a figure like yours, Phoebe, to wear a little black dress."

(The man who establishes early the principle of The Little Black Dress can save himself the price of a sport car in the course of any marriage, even a short one.)

## HOW TO AVOID FUR COATS

The Sable-or-Nothing Deceit

Always remember that nothing is too good for your wife.

Make it clear that you want to buy her a fur coat—but only the best fur coat. For her you will accept no imitations, no shoddy substitutes.

"Davie, I was just thinking. It's beginning to get cold now and, well, I just happened to walk by the fur—"

"Did you?" (Rush in quickly. To delay at this stage may bring disaster.) "Reminds me that Joe's wife dropped by the office today. Had on one of those, uh, rat skin coats."

"You mean mink? Davie? That's just what I—"

Some kind of rat. Means to look like a rat. No, imagine wearing a lake rattle. No, for my girl!"

"But Davie, all I've got is this old tweed!"

"It's a real tweed, though, baby. No imitation! Know what I want for you, Phoebe? Sable. Sable or nothing, baby."

"But you've been saying that for six years!"

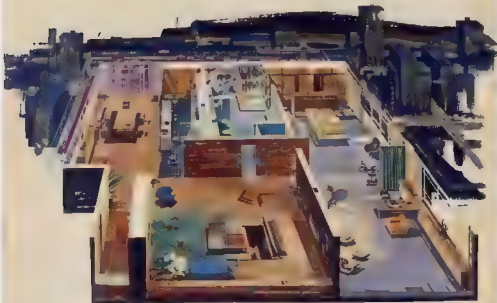
"And I still mean it! Nothing's too good for you, Phoebe."

## The Allergy

One of the miracles of modern medicine is the fact that we now have a number of interesting diseases if at our forefathers were not even aware of it. In fact, we are discovering new and fascinating diseases almost as fast as we learn to

(concluded on page 57)

*a second look at a high, handsome haven—  
pre-planned and furnished for the bachelor in town*



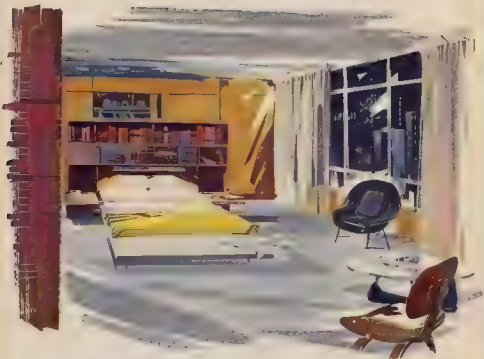
## PLAYBOY'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT

A MAN'S HOME is not only his castle; it is also should be the outward reflection of his inner self—a comfortable, livable and yet exciting expression of the person he is and the life he leads. But the overwhelming percentage of houses are furnished by voter. What of the bachelor and his need for a place to call his own? Here's the answer: PLAYBOY'S penthouse apartment, home for a sophisticated man of parts. A fit setting for his full life and a complement to his guests of both sexes. Here a man, perhaps like you, can live in absolute elegance.

At first glance, it obviously looks like a hell of a fine place to live and love and

be merry. A place to relax in a one-of-a-kind setting, to entertain with a view, to enjoy a wonderful setting for big or small parties. In short, a bachelor's dream come true. It's all there, but it's more too—there's quite a lot more to it. It doesn't follow the conventional plan. It separates rooms for various purposes. Instead, there are two basic areas: an active zone for fun and partying and a quiet zone for relaxation, sleep, and such.

The living room, with its cozy shadow-box fireplace suggests a retreat on the couch—but it's just as inviting to a candid crowd of fellows. A enthusiastic. The elegant entertainment center, re-



## BEDROOM

rested in the giant storage wall that separates living room from foyer, contains binoculars, hi-fi, FM, TV, tape recorder, movie and slide projectors. And merely moving that Udo Saarinen armchair makes living room and dining room one—for gala entertaining. Kitchen and dining room, too, may be used separately or together, thanks to the sliding Shoji

screens which divide them. These areas comprise the apartment's active zone which was described in detail last month.

A huge bed dominates the penthouse bedroom. This is a magnificent sleeping platform of veneer plywood on steel legs, 8 feet long and 4½ feet wide. The 4" airflow mattress stops short enough of the foot so that the platform's end serves

as a bench on which to slouch while donning or doffing shoes and socks.

East-west windows stretch across one entire wall, framing an ever-changing, living mural of our man's city. In the corner nook formed by windows and the Modernfold door which closes off the study is a charmed circle where a bachelor may have a romantic nightcap with



Above: Hidden by the brick wall in the illustration at left, the bedroom includes wall-hung, clear maple cabinets (Knoll #121, \$249) with white lacquer doors fitted out as a bar. Below: Laminated walnut chair designed by Eames, made by Miller (JCW, \$58) is part of the bedroom's lounge-area furniture grouping.



Below: Classic Noguchi table built by Miller (#50 BN, \$350) has thick, clear glass top resting on black lacquer legs. It is nucleus of bedroom lounge area. It is sturdy and, of course, alcohol proof.

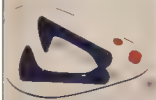


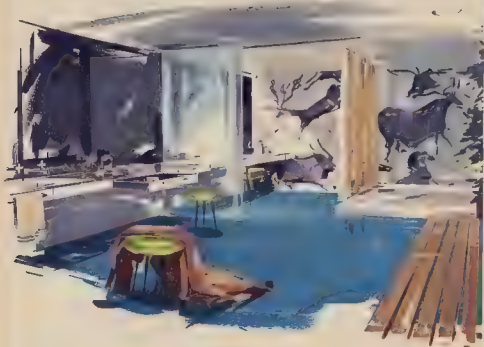
Custom headboard-storage unit creates a dressing area.

a chosen guest. Grouped here are a Saarinen chair (the mate of the one in the living room), a walnut Eames chair and free-form Noguchi table. Across from you (but hidden in the illustration by the brick wall) is a hanging wall cabinet wherein is cannily concealed a built-in bar and small refrigerator, just large enough for ice cubes, mixers and mid-

night snacks—a boon to the barefoot bachelor in PJs who's reluctant to trek to the kitchen for his good-night polka, or perhaps unwilling to interrupt the dulcet dialogue he's been sharing.

Now, we've sipped the nocturnal dream and it is bed time, having said "nighty night" for "come along, now, descend" to the last guest, it's time to sink into





## BATHROOM

the arms of Moepheus for a more comely substitute). Do we go through the house turning out the lights and locking up? No air flapping on the luxurious bed, we have within easy reach the multiple controls of its unique headboard. Here we have silent mercury switches and a rheostat that control every light in the place and can subtly dim the bedroom lighting to just the right romantic level. Here, too, are the switches which control the circuits for front door and terrace window locks. Beside them are push buttons to draw the continuous, heavy pure-linen-lined draperies on rail track,

which can insure darkness at noon - or noon. Above are built-in speakers fed by the remotely-controlled hi-fi and radio based in the electronic entertainment installation in the living room. On either side of the bed are storage cupboards with doors that hinge downward to create bedside tables. Within are telephone, with on-off switch for the bell, and miscellaneous bedtime items. Soft mood music flows through the room and the stars shine in the easements as you snuggle down.

At the start of a new day, the chime

Below: The bathroom's slot bench (Knoll #400, \$84) in natural ash has foam rubber cushion cover for sun-lamp bathing. At bottom: Upholstered vanity seat is by Miller (#4672, \$56).







## STUDY

Top left: By all odds your chair of chairs will be this contour lounge set by Herman Miller (chair #670, footstool #671, \$605 for both) which will hold you in free floating luxury. Lower left: Knoll cabinets line the study's window wall, shown in walnut, available in other woods; in 4 and 6 foot lengths (#542, \$264, #541, \$381). Top right: Close-up look at texture of continuous carpet used in bedroom and study—a tweedy, wool-rayon mixture. Lower right: Desk is one of Knoll's #1500 series which offers 12 different pedestal arrangements, ranges from \$450 to \$550; the upholstered swivel chair is by Knoll (#71 S, \$177).



alarm sounds morning music comes on and the headboard's automatic controls again prove their value: reaching only to the control panel, you press the button in the left-hand corner and immediately the two built-in coffee and ground-roast coffee makers and the light change to the right-hand panel. The alarm sound fades, the coffee starts, and their metamorphosis into coffee makers' eggs fried just right, and steaming hot fresh java. Now you flip the switch that draws the curtains and opens the terrace doors. Let it be a risk morning, or this is a life there in the second floor!

Just off the bedrooms is the bath, you shave and shower and as you towel off you go back to the bedroom, but now you play in the dressing area, behind the bed's seven-foot tall headboard, which all-its-comfort, privacy and access to the bath without leaving it, is to do any job of the bedroom proper, a dressing to the bathroom is so quickly extended as a place of its own proportion. A large built-in closet is equipped with a long dresser (one of them mirrored) behind which are two proof trays for barber-shaving, a rotating rack and, below, a boon locker with a handbag, a suspended row of lever-operated shoe racks. The closet's right door where open, behind a bench. Heretofore is the contained dust in blanket chest and, above it, storage shelves for linen. Opposite is an entire closet wall with separate compartments for winter wear, summer wear, sports clothes, dress clothes, and a guest closet with lighted built-in vanity. The closet at the bath-room end of the wall is warm-dry and has brass fixtures for hanging huge Turkish towels and Terry-cloth robes; the one at the opposite end has sliding shelves of cedar for bath-towel holders and knit T-shirts. Mirrors on the sides of the two center doors, which open in opposite directions, combine with the one on the head-board unit to form a three-way mirror.

The outdoor bathroom is as practical as the inside dual two-bath arrangement and carries out the apartment's feeling of spaciousness. The room actually contains two areas, separated by a sliding screen of translucent glass, so that the one adjoining the bedroom can be completely private while the other remains accessible from the apartment's active zone. Suppose early guests arrive before their bath is quite ready for them, with the sliding screen closed he can shower and dress undisturbed while they freshen up on the other side. The lavatory itself is completely enclosed, ensuring total privacy. In addition in the pillow, it has a bullet, magazine rack, ash tray and telephone. (Let's face it: there are bachelors, as well as some of their guests, who like to spend quite a lot of time in the throne room—maybe as a hangover from your days of living at home, when it was the only place to get away from it all—hence we've made this push-back a comfort station in every sense of the phrase.)

The bathroom impresses with its size

and colorfulness. With the screen rolled back, there's a continuous counter with two wash basins (one on either side of the screen) with backlit mirror above. A row of compartmented drawers below, whose handles are towel racks, hold the soaps, lotions, noisens, sundries and other mysteries which ordinarily crowd conventional medicine chests. One entire wall is decorated with bold and vigorous primitive paintings reminiscent of the prehistoric drawings in the caves of Lascaux. In the corner is a huge, rectangular, recessed tub which serves as the floor of the shower. The shower head—and the pipes leading to it—are concealed in faussed foliage growing on both sides of the picture-window pane which divides this end of the bath from the dressing area of the bedroom. What with the cave paintings and the wall of greenery from which the spray descends, you may feel as though you're bathing under a waterfall in an exotic outdoor setting—an impression you can enhance as it strikes your face by turning out the lights and relaxing in the tub. A long, stainless-steel shower pan, painted in the color of the floor, is in the bath room. A built-in speaker will accentuate the mood. For more serious sun bathing, we've a Knoll slat bench with recessed sun lamps in the ceiling above it, covered with a heat-reflecting material in waterproof Naugahyde. It is a handy place to stretch out and luxuriate in a tropical glow all the year 'round.

Even a bachelor in his own domain needs a place like our apartment's study where he can get away from the rest of the house and be really alone, where if he wishes he can leave papers on the desk in seeming disorder (actually in that previous disorder in which he alone can lay hands on just what he wants). This is the sanctum sanctorum, where women are seldom invited, where we can work or read or just sit and think while gazing into the fireplace.

Continuous storage cabinets range the full length of the study's window wall, providing ample storage for typewriter, dictaphone, stationery, office supplies, and hobby gear or scale-model collection. Imposingly jutting from these is the main work desk, with comfortable swivel chair by Knoll (#715, \$177). On the other side of the desk is an easy chair (Knoll #5104, \$350). Here on special occasions you will seat the business guest with whom you want to work in your own surroundings and undisturbed—or as a rare exception, the admiring lass whose fond gaze makes poring over your papers more enjoyable.

Flanking the fireplace is an occasional table to hold pipes, humidifier, books and magazines, and an enormously comfortable upholstered contoured Herman Miller armchair with foot stool, a lord-of-the-domain chair reserved for you alone, which holds all of you evenly supported—right places and fits in with your relaxed posture so that you and the chair are like two spoon nested together. On the other side of the fireplace is a globe

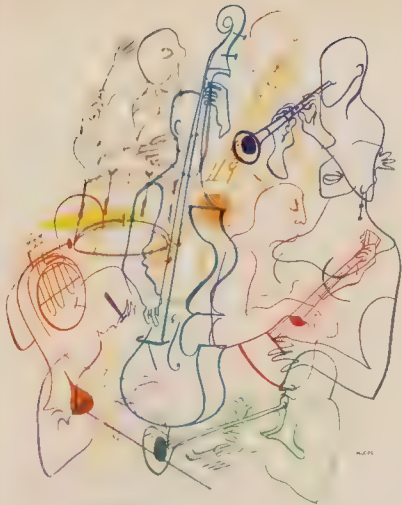
of the world, its form within, carefully proportioned so that major cities show out as flecks of brightness.

The entire third wall is bookcase floor to ceiling. The two bottom shelves are wide and deep enough to hold record albums, stamp albums, your biggest picture books and encyclopedias. The rest of the bookcase, on top, is shelves of normal width and depth, except that there is a space 20 inches high between the wide and narrow shelves, well-lighted, providing a surface on which to lay open a dictionary or an atlas. At either end of this bookcase wall are binaural hi-fi speakers which connect with the sound equipment in the foyer hall. With a study like this, even the most dedicated push crawler or theatre and nightclub buff will be tempted to stay at home of an evening, content with his own surround sound, watching the city's glamour via the air-aid view from the window wall. But suppose the playboy master of this house decides that now, with the winter season starting, he wants to hold a real, big shindig. By jolting back that accordion door between study and bedroom the two are merged into one magnificent room with the continuous carpeting from end to end and the matched draperies to tie it all together. Now the whole apartment is a glamorous playroom, or a living room free from all laws, again the window and it is time for the pre-dinner and breakfast.

Throughout the apartment, its strikingly different atmosphere is achieved by the bold though harmonious use of solid color and interesting texture. Entering the bedroom from the living room we are immediately aware of the textural difference between the living room's cork floor and the luxurious wall-to-wall carpeting of the bedroom, which seems to invite a barefooted romp from which also beckons rich snoring. The dramatic brick wall between the two rooms and bath projects a subtle quiet air, establishing a calm contrast between the apartment's two zones and, providing, a slight barrier between the living room and the bedroom, not of the nature, just as the level of the two rooms separates sleeping and dressing. Lighting—ample and glareless—is provided by those conical fixtures called "top hats," which are recessed into the ceiling at strategic locations. Lamps, which would impede the clear open look of the place, are virtually dispensed with; there is a complete absence of bric-a-brac, patterned fabrics, plants and ruffles.

This is the kind of pre-planning in design and furnishing which makes PLAYBOY's penthouse apartment a bachelor haven of virile good looks, a style styled for a man of taste and sophistication. This is his place, to fit his mood, to fit his needs, reflect his personality.

For further information on any aspect of the PLAYBOY penthouse apartment, write Playboy Reader Service, 11 E. Superior Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.



**THE**  
**PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL**



# YOUR 1957 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND BALLOT

## LEADER

(Please check one)

- ☐ Louis Armstrong  
☐ George Auld  
☐ Claude Bolling  
☐ Leonard Bernstein  
☐ Dave Brubeck  
☐ Teddy Charles  
☐ Miles Davis  
☐ Wilbur DeParis  
☐ Ossie Davis - J. J. Johnson  
☐ Duke Ellington  
☐ Dizzy Gillespie  
☐ Quincy Goodman  
☐ Friedrich Gulda  
☐ Chico Hamilton  
☐ Woody Herman  
☐ Harry James  
☐ J. J. Johnson - Kai Winding  
☐ Quincy Jones  
☐ Stan Kenton  
☐ Gene Krupa  
☐ John Lewis  
☐ Charles Mingus  
☐ Gerry Mulligan  
☐ Tim Paiste  
☐ Sonny Rogers  
☐ Bob Scholey  
☐ Cal Tjader

## TRUMPET

(Please check four)

- ☐ Louis Armstrong  
☐ Chet Baker  
☐ Ruby Braff  
☐ Donald Byrd  
☐ Buck Clayton  
☐ Miles Davis  
☐ Russ Dwyer  
☐ Wilbur DeParis  
☐ Kenny Dorham  
☐ Roy Eldridge  
☐ Don Elliott  
☐ Art Farmer  
☐ Maynard Ferguson  
☐ Dizzy Gillespie  
☐ Bobby Hackett  
☐ Thad Jones  
☐ Joe Newman  
☐ Sherry Rogers  
☐ Bud Scobey  
☐ Charlie Shavers  
☐ Don Starks  
☐ Paul Smith  
☐ Joe Wilder

## TROMBONE

(Please check three)

- ☐ Milt Bennett  
☐ Eddie Brown  
☐ Bob Brookmeyer  
☐ Jack Buck  
☐ James Cleveland  
☐ Willie Dixon  
☐ Wilbur DeParis  
☐ Vic Dickenson  
☐ Rex Evans  
☐ Carl Kell

- ☐ Mathew Gee  
☐ Bennie Green  
☐ Elsie Green  
☐ Bill Harris  
☐ J. J. Johnson  
☐ Art L. Johnson  
☐ Lou McGarity  
☐ Turk Murphy  
☐ Benny Powell  
☐ Frank Rosolino  
☐ Jack Teagarden  
☐ Kai Winding  
☐ Bill Wardman  
☐ Trammell Young

## ALTO SAX

(Please check two)

- ☐ Julian (Kamrumball) Adlerley  
☐ Benny Beamon  
☐ Benny Carter  
☐ Paul Desmond  
☐ Lou Donaldson  
☐ Herb Ellis  
☐ Gato Orsi  
☐ Ernie Henry  
☐ Jimmy Hodges  
☐ Tyrone Horne  
☐ John LaPorta  
☐ Jackie McLean  
☐ Frank Morgan  
☐ Lennie Niehaus  
☐ Gene Quill  
☐ Bud Shank  
☐ Sonny Stitt  
☐ Earl Warren  
☐ Phil Woods

## TENOR SAX

(Please check two)

- ☐ Buddy Arnold  
☐ George Auld  
☐ Al Cohen  
☐ Frank Foster  
☐ Bud Freeman  
☐ Stan Getz  
☐ Coleman Hawkins  
☐ Paul Horn  
☐ Harmon Jacques  
☐ Bobby Jasper  
☐ Rufus Johnson  
☐ Willie Marsh  
☐ Eddie Miller  
☐ J. R. Montero  
☐ Billy Preston  
☐ Flip Phillips  
☐ Sonny Rollins  
☐ Charlie Rouse  
☐ Zoot Sims  
☐ Sonny Stitt  
☐ Budde Tate  
☐ Lucky Thompson  
☐ Charlie Ventura  
☐ Ben Webster  
☐ Frank Wes  
☐ Lester Young

## BARITONE SAX

(Please check one)

- ☐ Pepper Adams  
☐ George Avakian  
☐ Louie Casero  
☐ Harry Carney  
☐ Serge Chaboff  
☐ Al Cohen  
☐ Marty Fluxus  
☐ Charlie Fierke  
☐ Jimmy Gaudre  
☐ Lars Gullin  
☐ Cal Mello  
☐ Gerry Mulligan  
☐ Cecil Payne  
☐ Joe Raposo  
☐ Sol Schlinger  
☐ Salim Soudki  
☐ Bud Shank  
☐ Kai Winding

## CLARINET

(Please check one)

- ☐ Buddy Collette  
☐ Buddy DeFranco  
☐ Jimmy Gaudre  
☐ Benny Goodman  
☐ Leonard Hall  
☐ Jimmy Hamilton  
☐ Peanuts Hucko  
☐ Ralph Kuhn  
☐ John LaPorta  
☐ Ovi Land  
☐ Matty Matlock  
☐ Joe Murawski  
☐ Tony Parenti  
☐ Pee Wee Russell  
☐ Tony Scott  
☐ Oliver Simeon  
☐ Patte Wakeman

## PIANO

(Please check one)

- ☐ Toshiko Akiyoshi  
☐ Count Basie  
☐ Dave Brubeck  
☐ Barbara Carroll  
☐ Bill Evans  
☐ Russ Freeman  
☐ Red Garland  
☐ Erroll Garner  
☐ Friedrich Gulda  
☐ Barry Harris  
☐ Hampton Hawes  
☐ Earl Hines  
☐ Hank Jones  
☐ Billy Kyle  
☐ Lou Levy  
☐ John Lewis  
☐ Dave McKenna  
☐ John McLaughlin  
☐ Cedar Walton  
☐ John J. Johnson  
☐ Percy Heath  
☐ Herbie Nichols  
☐ Horace Parlan  
☐ Oscar Peterson  
☐ Bud Powell  
☐ Jimmy Rowles  
☐ George Shearing  
☐ Horace Silver  
☐ Art Tatum

- ☐ Billy Taylor  
☐ Sir Charles Thompson  
☐ Lennie Tristano  
☐ Randy Weston  
☐ Freddy Wilson  
☐ Stanley Workman

# GUITAR

(Please check one)

- ☐ Laurindo Almeida  
☐ George Barnes  
☐ Skeeter Best  
☐ Kenny Burrell  
☐ Bo Diddley  
☐ Herb Ellis  
☐ Tal Farlow  
☐ Les & Gus Grant  
☐ Chuck Garcia  
☐ Freddie Green  
☐ Jim Hall  
☐ Scott Jordan  
☐ Barney Kessel  
☐ Milt Lett  
☐ Charles Mingus  
☐ Jimmy Raney  
☐ Howard Roberts  
☐ Sal Salvador  
☐ Chuck Wayne  
☐ Billie Wright

# BASS

(Please check one)

- ☐ Art on Ball  
☐ Ray Brown  
☐ Red Callender  
☐ Paul Chambers  
☐ Israel Crosby  
☐ George Duvivier  
☐ Sam Gill  
☐ Bob Haggart  
☐ Percy Heath  
☐ Milt Hentz  
☐ Eddie Jones  
☐ Francis & Milt  
☐ Wendell Marshall  
☐ Al McKibbon  
☐ Charlie Mingus  
☐ Rufus Mitchell  
☐ Walter Page  
☐ Oscar Pettiford  
☐ Eddie Sauter  
☐ Leon Varnum  
☐ Doug Watkins  
☐ Gene Wright

# DRUMS

(Please check one)

- ☐ Louis Bellson  
☐ Art Blakey  
☐ Jimmy Campbell  
☐ Kenny Clarke  
☐ Jimmy Coker  
☐ Buddy Dreyfus  
☐ Nick Fatool  
☐ Chuck Flores  
☐ Herbie Horne  
☐ Gus Johnson  
☐ Gene Johnson  
☐ Jo Jones  
☐ Philly Joe Jones  
☐ Connie Kay  
☐ Gene Krupa  
☐ Shelly Manne  
☐ Ray McKinley  
☐ Joe Morello  
☐ Sonny Payne

- ☐ Buddy Rich  
☐ Max Roach  
☐ Art Taylor  
☐ Ed Thigpen  
☐ Bob Thompson  
☐ Ed Slaughter

# MISC. INSTRUMENT

(Please check one)

- ☐ Dorothy Ashley, harp  
☐ Sidney Bechet, soprano sax  
☐ Larry Buckner, tuba  
☐ Don Butterfield, tuba  
☐ Freddy Charles, tuba  
☐ Buddy Callette, flute  
☐ Don Elliott, tuba, melliphone  
☐ Les, Gable, tuba  
☐ John Gato, French horn  
☐ Stephen Grappelli, violin  
☐ David Hampton, tuba  
☐ Milt Jackson, tuba  
☐ Steve Lacy, soprano sax  
☐ Herbie Mann, flute  
☐ Milt Mathews, accordion  
☐ Sam Marowitz  
☐ Marlowe Moran  
☐ Ray Nance, violin  
☐ Red Norvo, tuba  
☐ Oscar Pettiford, cello  
☐ Terry Pettard, tuba  
☐ Tito Puente, timbales  
☐ Nadi, tuba  
☐ Bud Shank, flute  
☐ Jimmy Smith, organ  
☐ Cal Tjader, tuba  
☐ Cy Truitt, bass trumpet  
☐ Art Van Damme, accordion  
☐ Frank West, flute

# MALE VOCALIST

(Please check one)

- ☐ Louis Armstrong  
☐ Chet Baker  
☐ Ray Charles  
☐ Nat "King" Cole  
☐ Perry Como  
☐ Bing Crosby  
☐ Sammy Davis, Jr.  
☐ Duke Ellington  
☐ Louis Evans  
☐ Roy Kral  
☐ Johnny Mathis  
☐ Brother Joe May  
☐ Turk Murphy  
☐ Jackie Paris  
☐ Jimmy Rushing  
☐ Frank Sinatra  
☐ Jack Teagarden  
☐ Mel Tormé  
☐ Bobby Troup  
☐ Joe Turner  
☐ Joe Williams

# FEMALE VOCALIST

(Please check one)

- ☐ Clare Austin  
☐ Betty Bennett  
☐ Janet Bece  
☐ Jackie Cain  
☐ June Christy

- ☐ Chris Connor  
☐ Ella Fitzgerald  
☐ Billie Holiday  
☐ Lurlean Hunter  
☐ Mahalia Jackson  
☐ Margaret King  
☐ Teddi King  
☐ Peggy Lee  
☐ Marlene  
☐ Mary Ann McGall  
☐ Carmen McRae  
☐ Helma Merrill  
☐ L. Miles  
☐ Anita O'Day  
☐ Larry Redd  
☐ Rita Reys  
☐ Ann Richards  
☐ Joe Siskin  
☐ Sarah Vaughan  
☐ Dinah Washington  
☐ Lee Wiley

# INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

(Please check one)

- ☐ Australian Jazz Quartet  
☐ Dave Brubeck  
☐ Kenny Clarke  
☐ Miles Davis  
☐ Wilbur DeParis  
☐ Kenny Durham & Jazz Prophets  
☐ Don Elliott  
☐ Tal Farlow  
☐ Erroll Garner  
☐ John Gato  
☐ Friedrich Gulda  
☐ Chas. Herson  
☐ Lionel Hampton  
☐ The Jazz Messengers  
☐ Hot Jim Band of N. Y.  
☐ Charac Mangins  
☐ Modern Jazz Quartet  
☐ Gerry Mulligan  
☐ P. M. M. M. M.  
☐ Dave Pelt  
☐ Oscar Peterson  
☐ Max Roach  
☐ Sherry Rogers  
☐ Ben Seay  
☐ Johnny Smith  
☐ Billy Taylor  
☐ Cal Tjader  
☐ Randy Weston  
☐ Kai Winding - J. Johnson  
☐ Freddy Wilson

# VOCAL GROUP

(Please check one)

- ☐ Blue Stars  
☐ Broad and Specials  
☐ Cadillacs  
☐ Jackie Cain - Roy Kral  
☐ Kenny Durham & Jazz Prophets  
☐ Four Freshmen  
☐ Helms  
☐ Honey Dreads  
☐ Mary Kaye Trio  
☐ McGuire Sisters  
☐ Mills Brothers  
☐ Spellbinders

Correct name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## HOW TO BATHE A POODLE

CONSISTENT WITH PLAYBOY'S policy of publishing timely, informative features of real worth and value to the urban male, here is the step-by-step procedure for properly bathing your poodle. Though we realize not all of our readers presently possess, or have immediate plans for procuring, a poodle, we are confident that every fast one of you is, deep down (where it really counts), a poodle lover and so will be able to take at least an academic interest in these instructions. Miss Joan Bradshaw has very kindly consented to assist us in the demonstration.

*helpful hints on proper pet care, illustrated*



1. First, filling the bathtub with soapy water, the owner calls the poodle over. The presence of the owner in the tub allays any fears he (the poodle) may have concerning the matter. If it is good enough for people, it is good enough for me, the poodle reasons.



2. Though the poodle appears dubious, a little applied poodle psychology and he (the poodle) is convinced the tub is the place to be.

3. The pet is brought in contact with the water in a series of quick up and down motions, not unlike the dunking of a sugar water in a cup of tea.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDRÉ DE DIENES



4. The poodle stays contentedly while his owner applies a gentle brushing. We don't care what you've got to say, this poodle is brushing.







"Gee, that's funny — all he gave me was a written exam."

## POUND OF FLESH (continued from page 62)

next afternoon. "You can make a contribution of say, a hundred dollars or so. That should take care of her and give her a little education. I know a priest who knows the Mother Superior, and I think everything can be arranged with an questions asked."

We gave him the hundred, and he left to make negotiations. The next afternoon was as dismal a day as I have ever seen. The rain that drove us through the rainy streets was slow and tickety. Jules talked sundrily of a dozen subjects, while Sammy and I feeling very depressed, sat on either side of Sundae and held her in his arms.

At the front entrance of the convent school, Jules rang a little bell and we were greeted by a stout and stern old nun. The additional manner kept waiting that she wore brook no nonsense and that, for brief conversation, with Jules it was a young woman, who reminded me of one of my high school English teacher, sent looks flying in our direction that contained all the elements of eternal damnation.

At last she led Sundae away through an inner door. We almost ran back to the lab, hoping to be gone before Sundae realized that we had deserted her.

We dropped Jules off at his French Army post on our way home and then paid the cabfare outside a coffee shop near our apartment. We found a table and ordered coffee.

It was a dreary and rainy late afternoon and our depression had dropped to a painful level. We didn't feel like talking, but after a few minutes Sammy said, "I got something I want to get off my chest."

"What? What?"

"Well," he said, hesitating, "damn it, I'm sorry if I've been hard to get along with lately. But I've been upset about a couple of things. I want to tell you the truth. I just couldn't get up the nerve to make that kid I don't know who exactly, maybe she looked too much like my kid sister."

I sipped my coffee and didn't say anything. He continued after a while: "I guess I really didn't have any right to be so peeved at you. After all, that's what we brought her for."

I still sipped my coffee and said nothing. We sat in despondent silence for hours of minutes.

"Say," he said at last, "I can't help but be curious. Tell me. How was it?"

I leaned back in my chair and looked thoughtful for a moment and then I took a big sip of coffee before I answered equivocally. "Not bad for a young girl, I guess. Personally I like them more mature."

It was an empty victory; our relationship, for the next couple of days, while we were packing and vacating our apartment, was strained and cheerless. On the plane going to England Sammy sat beside me and read a book and gave the shortest possible answers to my conversations.

In London he was always busy, he had

a number of friends to visit and some how I was never included. Once, when he did introduce me to an acquaintance he said of me, "This guy is a real devil with the women." He grinned when he said it, but there was bitterness in his voice.

I could never quite reach Sammy those last few days. He sailed from Southampton before I did and when I went to the dock with him to say goodbye he was preoccupied and didn't seem to want to look me in the eye. It was a depressing few minutes as we stood there by the gangplank, I felt the impending

loss of one of the best friends I ever had.

I made what was perhaps the first mature decision of my life as he turned to leave. When he was halfway up the gangplank I yelled at him. He turned around with a bored non-what-is, peevish on his face.

"I didn't either!" I yelled. He looked puzzled for a moment, and then the smile on his face was pure sunshine.

He stood on the deck and waved as the ship pulled away from the dock, and I walked through terribly empty streets to a little restaurant and had a cup of coffee.

Y

FEMALES BY COLE: 28



Veteran





## PLAYBOY'S BAZAAR



### NEW TWIST

This easy cork screw has been given the nod by the Wine Institute, penetrates and extracts the longest, strongest or most fragile stopper without chewing up the cork or flicking the juice in the pig. Don't ask how—just take our word for it. It's made of hand-turned beech wood, 3" long with a 2 1/4" tempered steel screw, sets you back a scant \$5.50. ppd. *Swan Smith Company, Dept. X, Carpentersville, Illinois.*



### VOODOO-IT-YOURSELF

Here's the McGoy in voodoo kit. Inside the witch doctor's burlap pouch it fits a scraw doll, wooden needles, incense, incantations, voodoo cat, colored feathers and, complete among incantations. Run out to call it ends as have fun while doing it. (Incantations incense, griddles, do die voodoo and evil eyes.) Send \$4.50 and get your kit ppd from *Green Leaf Studios, Dept. X, 2855 Forbes St., Pittsburgh 17, Pennsylvania.*

All orders should be sent to the addresses listed in the descriptive paragraphs and checks or money orders made payable to the individual companies. With the exception of personalized items, all of these products are guaranteed by the companies and you must be entirely satisfied or the complete purchase price will be refunded.



### FRIGID MIDGET

Here's an all-aluminum auto refrigerant that fits snugly under the dash, installs as easily as a radio. It's fully automatic, and leaps into action with the start of your engine. The clever little box uses petrol as a refrigerant then returns it to the carburetor with easy a drop wasted. It's fine for chilling beer, bruschetta, wenger or baby bottles, costs but \$87.50 from *B & M Corp., Cold maker Div., Dept. R, Houston, La.*



### DEN DECORATOR

Man here says he'll reproduce all the details of your family college fraternity or military crest in gold leafed 3-D. Definitely establishes who you are while adding a new, exciting touch to your living room or dining room. The plaque is a white oak base, 1/2" thick and hand painted with gold in flush wall hanger. Comes in a choice of two sizes: 6" x 12" (\$10.95) or 11" x 16" (\$16.50). If you want it personalized with name, class, chapter, regiment, etc. and in another 75¢. *Heraldic Publishing Co., Dept. Y, 516 Allen Road, Woodmere, N.Y.*



### ROCK BUSTER

Just the thing for hacking down those super-sized ice cubes that won't fit in the damn glass. These stainless steel snippers work. In the case of big ones, separate snips together cubes or do you now, dirty as you are, sensible ice to igs. (A) even be used to declog up sunken olives in beer. *Maximus, I bar pal you I want the rock buster costs just \$5. ppd from Fengerke & Antoine, Dept. J, 9 N. Wabash, Chicago 2, Illinois.*



brighter resorts for those moments when he feels like champagne and *milimborca a la Rossina* or *buona calda* with truffles. In fact, the gulf is brighter for the drive there—past a caravan of Don Caudillo on motorcycles, small boys with goats, women with headbaskets of fruit, crumbling amber walls scrawled with Communist dogmas and ragged beggars on marble church steps.

If it weren't in a *sono rossi* rather than a champagne mood, we like to be able to stroll down the bally alleys of a small village darning family laundry, nodding at a lilting chorus of *buon giorno*. We like to find our way to the little harbor by the harbor and a table folded on a fishing net between a couple of umbrellas and a pile of rattan. We like to have the postcard tucked into a wine and a small plate of antipasto in a mountainous pile of rich, trussed thighs in butter with a touch of garlic and chopped parsley. And when we ask what is good, he grips "Quel che non amiamo ingrassare" ("What doesn't kid you will fatten you").

Take our advice and rent a villa at Noli or in the Bocan quarter of Celle Ligure, and pinewoods atop a sheer cliff. I run down in a small beach where rocky outcroppings capture busy pools of sea-life from the receding tide. Or perhaps you'll want to go on, at least your first trip, to Genoa and heron to the even more famous stretch of rocks and pebbled beaches of the Riviera di Levante.

Stop briefly en route through bustling Genoa. Take in, if you insist, sights like Christopher Columbus' house. For us, however, the sights of Genoa are in the pulsing, merry life of the streets. The slow along these narrow roads is a couple of thousand years old now but as lively as ever. Especially so around the docks where there's a bar for every nationality, entertainment for every taste, a racket for every sucker.

Go to the cooking room mostly to olive oil and a husk, and cheese *stare* called *pesto*. You'll find it over pasta made *mozzarella* and other things, around *butirio* fish ragouts and other seafood. We liked the sharp taste once we got used to it. At better restaurants like *Olivo* or *Capurro* at Grattacielo you can get *Miseme orobore* (veal baked on the marrow bone), Neapolitan *pizza* or *Romano* (*finis mista*) (of artichokes, braised sweetbreads, in cauliflower and liver soaked in egg, then fried).

At Genoa's *Ristorante al Mare* we had a screaming bowl of *broadetio Romani*, a spicy terrific fish stew seasoned with willow, a spinach tinted *langue Piedmontaise*, a huge redhead lobster then some *coronata* cheese enlivened with butters and eaten with fresh peas. We washed with a bottle of light *carre* chased the final strains with buting, orange-flavored *straw liqueur*.

South and east of Genoa, the coast is more rocky. The *Ves Auvina* (flooded out by Roman legions) dips and winds around tiny coves bright with red and green fishing boats catenated on a pebbled slope and dark brown nets hanging out to dry, then through a hilltop vil-

lage of tree-shaded baryards and a dray trafficked church square so peacefully rural it might be a thousand miles from the sea.

We like this stretch because it's still not too far from San Remo's Casino and the cindied flesh pots of Genoa. Yet it has tourist-type flesh pots of its own three utterly lovely but overtouristed resorts: Rapallo, Santa Margherita Ligure and Portofino.

Thus last, as an instance of them all is a visual dream: pink and green and pale blue, sailboat and white villas bunched around a gleaming green arm of the sea. It has the magnificent Hotel Splendid, with a long terrace overlooking town and bay, it has the Restaurant *Pantheon*, whose *mimaretti* is a symphony of condiments. Its seasoning involves onion, garlic, salt, pepper, cayenne, bay leaf, oregano, anchovy paste and on and on. Portofino has a piazza so perfect it might be a stage set, with cafe tables set out in the sunshine under the ilex trees, among boats and *latterelli* stalls and fishermen's nets, it has a castle up on the headland across from the little harbor, it has some of the clearest water for skin diving (though the undersea protection around the islands of Bergeggi and Gallinara offer a special thrill).

Portofino, in short, is the sort of place you really can't believe even when you get there. But everyone knows it and that's why we stay at Camogli or if we can get a villa because there's no hotel — at San Fruttuoso nearby. Anyone with half a soul finds Portofino a little hard to take now in just a visual sense, with its edgy overlay of yacht-borne movie stars, day trippers on commodious boats and Milanese merchants with flashy mistresses. The wine isn't 156 a bottle at Portofino anymore and the fishermen's wharfside homes are luxury apartments. The fishermen themselves make their living from tourist trips along the coast.

Rapallo is pretty much the same way, with its lush Restaurant *Favos*. In Santa Margherita with its *Ilclon Terrazza* restaurant and its expensive Bar *raciuda* and *Capo di Nord* has nightclubs.

And even beyond those towns — to Lerici where Shelley lived and Byron laid eight other men's wives to Flaxhorne when D. H. Lawrence wrote *San Terenzo* where Shelley was cremated in the lush *Porto Azzurro* and *Argentario* — it's still pretty much the Coney Island of Italy.

For us, the best parts of the entire coast (recking with beautiful gallellid-favored simplicity) are the villages of Cinque Terre. Still almost unknown although just off one of the most heavily trampled tourist tracks in Europe, they offer truly inspired color: fishing villages where the fishermen really fish, dramatically rugged coasts, tiny sand beaches between tide-washed, moss-green rocks, *amante* by the bucketful.

The secret of their 1200-year isolation is simple: no roads. So you go by train, stopping off en route (if you'll take our advice) at Chiavari, a solemn little industrial town that manufactures most of the things that are sold at a 25% per-

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beyond our ken?"

"Yeah," said the Lieutenant, "but even so—"

"Lieutenant," Conroy said evenly, "picture it. What would you do if you saw a blob of vaseline fifty feet high and all covered with hair coming at you?"

The Lieutenant's eyes grew glassy at the image; then he clapped his hand to his mouth and lurched straight for the washroom.

"It all fits together, Quentin," said Brenda, breathing heavily. "The severe women—the globe of goo—the flying saucer—the theramin music. But what is this monster's purpose in killing these girls? And why only girls?"

Conroy frowned. "I . . . don't . . . now," he said.

And suddenly, the monster was upon us. The screen was filled with hairy vaseline—fifty feet of it, writhing offshock down the road and humming to itself. John Quincy Adams clapped his hand to his mouth and was never seen again. My dentist climbed up the theatre wall. Arthur Miller followed close on his heels and Marilyn Monroe clung to me (understandably) for comfort. My popcorn, of course, went flying at the first sight of the monster, and for a moment I was blinded by salt and falling kernels.

When my vision cleared, I saw to my horror that Brenda was in the toils of the unearthly type creature and was giving the theramin some stiff competition in the waiting department. Next we saw Conroy, his viscometer awry, pointing wildly and yelling. "It's taking her toward the hills!"

"The hills!" echoed Pfeiffer the reporter, materializing from behind a bushes-tree. "That's where the flying saucer was sighted!"

After some scratchy stock footage of Grant Withers and Onslow Stevens climbing in a couple of '33 Chevies and bawling down the road, we got our first glimpse of the saucer. It was made of Linoges china, trimmed with blue. The monster oozed into the picture, begging Brenda, whose struggles had grown noticeably lacking in sincerity. The armed services had apparently been summoned, for we were now treated to stirring shots of the U. S. infantry, the Polish cavalry, and the air force of an unidentified nation, all engaged in dust-raising activity of one sort or another, culminating in the detonation of the hydrogen bomb. Needless to say, these efforts left the monster unscathed. By the time Conroy and Pfeiffer arrived, it had miraculously released Brenda, however, and she ran toward her colleague.

"Brenda!" said Conroy. "You're all right! Let you go . . . and you didn't get severe nausea . . . What—"

Pointing, Brenda said, "I found out everything. That theramin music—it's Morse code. The gun told me the whole story. He didn't want to kill three girls; they just got deathly ill at the sight of him. He was only looking for a mate. He's lonely."

"A mate? But he's—that is—he doesn't have any! I mean—"

"You don't understand, Quentin. Look at my eyelids."

"They're vanishing."

"What else?"

"They're well-greased."

"Correct. With vaseline!"

"You mean—"

"Exactly! All those other girls greased their eyelids with vaseline, too. And the stuff from outer space was just looking for someone of his own kind!"

"Amazing!" Conroy embraced her. "You're wonderful, Brenda! A true scientist. Brenda, darling—will you marry me? Together, we will plumb new depths of viscosity!"

"Yurtoutaya mind," said Brenda. "I'm going home with Pete."

Brenda sighed ecstatically. "I can't pronounce his real name. I call him Pete because he's made of petroleum jelly—vaseline to you."

"What? You're going back to his native planet with him?"

"Yes, isn't it wonderful? Talk about plumbing new depths of viscosity—men, he's really viscous! I'll be doing the cause of viscometry a great service. Besides," she added, with a libidinous growl, "I always was a sucker for tall, hairy guys."

Hand-in-pseudopod, Brenda and Pete walked toward the flying saucer as the music climbed to great heights. It was still neo, but this time it was more like Tchaikovsky than Stravinsky. Conroy took it like a man, blinked back a tear, poked his viscometer and walked slowly in the opposite direction.

The lights in the theatre went up and I became suddenly aware of the coldness of the leather seat on which I was sitting. A sudden fear gripped me and I looked down to find it confirmed. Somehow, by the wizardry of dreams, I was now clad in only the tops—rather than the bottoms—of my pajamas. Furiiously, I looked at Marilyn. She was wearing the bottoms. I found this turn-of-events charming and, as I left the theatre with her, hand-in-pseudopod, I did not even try to understand the transference. That would require, I knew, a superhuman intelligence beyond my ken.



## HOODWINKED HUSBAND

(continued from page 52)

Marcos was waiting in his fishing boat.

"Ah, Captain!" cried Marcos. "I am glad you are here. For as I sat here, imagining the high sport you must be enjoying, my blood grew restive and it was all I could do to keep from rowing away and taking a taste of my wife! I very nearly did so, in fact—but I knew how disappointed you would have been to find your transportation gone."

At these words, Antonino grew slightly pale, for he realized he had come dangerously close to discovery. Ralhing, however, he said, "Why, my good fellow! Are you married? I had no idea. If I had but known, I would have told you to enjoy her by all means and then return for me."

"What, sir?" asked Marcos. "Did you not know I recently wed a girl so beautiful, so sensuous, so altogether desirable

that she arouses a craving in all who look upon her?"

"No, you lucky scoundrel! But see here: wives, however fair they may be, must be reckoned as part of the regular furniture of the house, something to serve our pleasant uses whenever we may stand in need. But married or unmarried, we lusty men must always be on the look-out for some fresh morsel. Nature demands it! Therefore, when you bring me in this place tomorrow evening, I will return to the boat with the lady—so that we both may enjoy her. Eh? What do you say?"

Marcos was overcome with delight.

The next evening, he had draped his boat with carpets and canopies, improving its appearance and increasing its privacy. He dorked at the same place; Antonino got out, repeated his journey of the previous night, and returned in a short time with a heavily-veiled young woman. Marcos waited patiently while the two made merry within the canopied enclosure. Then, after a while, Antonino came out and said, "Now then, Marcos, she's yours. And a sweet bit of sauce she is, indeed! Although I have never seen the wife of whom you spoke yesterday, I am sure the lady within is her equal in beauty and ardor. One thing, however, good Marcos my friend: do not, I beseech you, attempt to lift her veil or make speech with her, or in any other way try to learn her identity. It would be the undoing of us both."

Marcos's brow creased at this. "I do not understand . . ."

"I did not mean to tell you," Antonino said in a whisper, "since the fewer who know, the better. But because you are puzzled, I will reveal to you that this lady is no less a personage than the daughter of the Doge, and she needs us here in great peril of her father's wrath. Can you conceive my late ill word of this got out, or if you incurred her disfavor by lifting her veil? The rack, the thumbscrew! Therefore, Marcos, enjoy her quickly and in silence."

Terrified at the dangers Antonino had painted, Marcos joined the veiled lady and took his pleasure of her in five minutes, returning to Antonino full of praise for her accomplishments. "Not only is she the equal of my wife," he declared: "she surpasses her! But Captain: before you return this highborn lady to the shore, please tell me how I may repay you for this enjoyment you have given me tonight!"

Antonino, somewhat embarrassed, said, "Repay me, Marcos? There is no need."

"I insist, sir! Such sport as this cannot be found at any price in the finest bawdy houses in Venice! What can I do for you in return?"

"Well," said Antonino, "I have planned a dinner on Saturday for some friends, but as you know, my funds are low. If you could possibly loan me . . ."

"Say no more!" said Marcos. "And speak not of loans. It will be my pleasure to provide the price of a fine dinner, Saturday next, for you and I and all our friends—at the best win on the canal!"





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